

Innis Herald  
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# THE *INNIS HERALD*

February 1996

Issue 4



Weather Changing And Usually Windy



# IMPORTANCE...

## Of Mice and Men

### February Editorial

**D**id anyone happen to notice the body of the harmless creature squashed flat and bloody on the steps between the first and second floors of the old building here at Innis College? His guts were hanging out (his wee tummy probably burst as the result of the step of a careless stair-climber) and his eyeballs and other facial features were squished beyond recognition. This editorial may closely resemble an obituary for The Hapless Mouse that perished miserably almost on the threshold of the Herald Office, but actually it is a rant (needless to say a coherent diatribe) loosely centered on the laws of nature that govern the daily lives of individuals such as yourself, myself and that poor Mouse whose tail stump and bloodstain still mark the pathway to this musty room (from which cometh the honourable rag you now hold in your hands.) Ed. Wow, that's a lot of brackets... Maybe I should have taken them out rather than writing this. Oops.

Again, The Mouse. Not only did the corpse remain there until three days after its unfortunate demise, but I am almost certain it received none of the niceties that would have been granted you or I, had we met the untimely fate of being crushed by roughly thirty three size six or larger feet on the hallowed property of Innis College. This is not to say that Innis should have sponsored a full funeral complete with limousines for the deceased's family and dinner afterwards (though in my opinion this would not have been amiss), moreover this senseless tragedy could have been avoided. How did The Mouse die, I wonder? It is highly dubitable that The Mouse was smushed underfoot while it was running... this creature was poisoned! Poisoned by the food or who knows what else that may be lying around the presumed harmless Innis College cafeteria...

We poison ourselves daily in any number of ways (sadly including the intake of foodstuff from the Caf). The air we breathe is practically poisonous, so even if you're a vegan and you jog sixteen miles a day you could still expire due to environmental mishaps. Hell, you could probably even be crushed as flat as The Mouse (more likely by a stray Shell tanker)... Wait a minute, this is getting kind of depressing. I'll take another angle. Latin used to be my favourite class, even though the instructor had a penchant for making us memorize endless Roman mottoes, like "*Semper Ubi Sub Ubi*" (this means Always Where Under Where. Don't ask me, man.) Anyways, to get to the point, one of the mottoes that made an impression on me was the saying made common by the film 'Dead Poets Society', *Carpe Diem*. Translated: Seize the day. Even as a callow youth way back when in Latin class (prior to the birth of 'Dead Poet's Society') the sentiment of this motto cried out to me and said



(loosely translated from the original Sanskrit in which this inspiration first appeared to me) "get off your lazy butt and do something while you can." At the time, I was unable to fully appreciate the ramifications of the immortal urge to surpass my own and everybody else's expectations, and only concentrated on school. Not that full concentration on one's education is a bad thing (damn, I wish I could still do that), but there really is so much more to concentrate on.

However, I won't suggest anything else for everybody to think about, because I'm not everybody and I'm not that much of a preaching, pompous egoist (contrary to prior evidence) but here's an idea to chew on (only if you want to, I'm not sure how it will taste). What if you were The Mouse and whatever dictates the laws of nature decided that you were to be killed and repeatedly stepped on? Could you say that you lived life to the fullest extent of its capacity? If I got squished today, I think I'd know that I had wasted a lot of valuable time beforehand. And so, I am going to turn my full concentration to higher pursuits like this newspaper you see before you right now and (if this editorial hasn't bored you to tears already) making it interesting enough to make you wonderful readers want to continue reading it.

## The University of Toronto Buys Shell's Evil Oil?

By Nathaniel Wooten.

**The Issue:** U of T continues to purchase approximately 400,000 dollars of Shell Oil annually despite the multinational's ruinous social and environmental record in Nigeria. As a matter of principal, the contract between the University and Shell implies that we are satisfied with the practices of the company. Similarly, many countries and institutions continued to buy products from South Africa under the apartheid government. Today, with condemnation of the Nigerian situation from Nelson Mandela and much of the international community including Canada, U of T should not continue its morally apathetic business dealings with Nigeria's largest revenue producer.

**Background:** In summary, since 1958, Shell has extracted some 30 billion worth of oil from the Ogoni Region in the River State of Nigeria causing cumulative destruction to the local environment and its people (the Ogoni Villagers). Events culminated in 1990 when a letter was sent by Shell to the River's State's commissioner of police informing of "an impending attack" which led to the deployment of the Murderous Mobile Police Force a.k.a. "a heavily armed body". Eighty Ogoni villagers were killed outside Shell's oil facility, peacefully protesting the effect of the company upon their lives. In 1995, Ogoni native Ken Saro-Wiwa, author and oil critic was arrested along with eight other activists by Nigeria's military dictatorship for what Amnesty International calls 'political motivations.' All nine were executed.

Officials at Shell Canada were unable to confirm or deny whether or not the Oil purchased by U of T is from Nigeria. **Toronto:** The use of Shell products on campus symbolically condones the violence associated with its production abroad. It is not that our educational community is insensitive, rather we are ignorant of the global 'social and ecological footprint' we create as consumers. Who has witnessed any of the 30 tanker trucks with crimson red Shell logos relieving their ten-thousand gallon loads at the hook up on 17 Russell St. West of St. George (Behind the Varsity)? Furthermore, who has ever even noticed U of T's biggest smokestack belching exhaust high above the bustle of the street? Both are unattractive and best unseen, however they represent the link between the Nigerian atrocities and our activities at home. In light of Shell's questionable role in the horror that has and continues to take place in Nigeria, U of T (unlike Metro Council who voted against a ban on Shell purchases) should best consider the international implications of blindly supporting this company.

**Conclusion:** Here are a list of recommendations to clear our collective university conscience in hopes of sending a message to Shell's international operations:

- 1) Cancel the contract with Shell and find an different oil supplier if it needs say.
- 2) Set a scholarship for Ogoni villagers to come study at UofT...
- 3) Encourage students to cut their Shell credit cards.
- 4) Create a panel to promote the purchasing of products which are socially and environmentally conscious.
- 5) Increase the use of natural gas which burns cleaner.



### The Innis Herald

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### The Big People

Lauren Speers: Editor & Bloody Fucking Tired  
Damian Tarnopolsky: Co-Editor & Sick  
Drunkard

Carrie Meyer: Treasurer & Big Fan Of Leather  
Pants

Cathy Oh: Layout Goddess & Mistress of the  
Night

James Depew: Graphics Genius & Winner of  
the Amazing Guy of the Year Award

Carolyn Parr: Sexy Young Secretary & Rocker  
of Worlds

### The All Essential Section Editors

Craig Clements & Andy Millar: Film Editors  
and cool because they got their stuff in by  
deadline

Antonia Yee: Art & Lit Editor, hardworking  
and overstressed

Cass Enright: Thirsty Editor and Superstar

Len McKee: Sports Editor and Vaguely  
Reminiscent of Hercules

### Staff Writers

Renata Catenacci

James Depew

P. Funk

William O'Higgins

### Contributors

Nat Wooten

Andy Ling

Suzy Daren

Katie Elia

Jay Guerrieri

Saurabh Sharma

Jeff Perz

Lina Francisco - the Primo Baby Cake-A-Roni

Rob Judges - the dopest

### The Incredibly Talented Artists

Logo: Nic De Groot

Cover Page: Jo Kendall...a Bright Star

### Herald Thanks and Information

Feel free to drop any submissions to  
room 305 (old building) Innis College, any  
time during the week. Our phone number is  
978-4748, and FAX is 978-5503. Our address  
is rm 305, Innis College, 2 Sussex Avenue,  
Toronto Ontario, M5S 1J5.

To all the people who wrote for this  
issue, thanks for coming out. We are only here  
because of you.

The Innis Herald is the monthly,  
student-run newspaper of Innis College. The  
Innis Herald has an open-letter policy. We  
reserve the right to edit any submissions,  
including sexist, racist, or homophobic con-  
tents, in consultation with the author. All  
writing submitted must be accompanied by  
the author's signature and telephone number.  
The views and opinions expressed in the Innis  
Herald attribute only their authors and do not  
reflect the opinions of Innis College and the  
student body.



# ...NEWS

## PLANT A TREE

by On Mother Earth  
BACKGROUND.

Trees can, over time, remove large quantities of carbon dioxide (the main "greenhouse gas") from the atmosphere. This makes planting a tree an effective way to fight the greenhouse effect. And it's easier than you might think.

### TREE TALK

\*10,000 years ago, before agriculture, more than 15 billion acres worldwide were covered by forest. Today barely 10 billion acres are forested. Between mid-century and 1980, the forested surface of the Earth was reduced by roughly 25%.

\*In some places deforestation is proceeding at a runaway rate. In California, urban trees are dying or being removed at four times the replacement rate. Each year, 28 million acres of tropical forest are destroyed; some countries, like Nigeria, which once were large lumber exporters, have become net importers.

\*The interdependence between trees and human and animal life couldn't be more fundamental: we require oxygen and produce carbon dioxide (CO<sub>2</sub>); trees and other plants require CO<sub>2</sub> and produce oxygen. Any significant loss in forested land directly affects the Earth's atmosphere for other forms of life.

\*By consuming CO<sub>2</sub>, trees mitigate the "greenhouse effect." It's estimated that each mature tree consumes, on average, about 13 lbs. of CO<sub>2</sub> per year.

\*When trees in a forest die naturally or are responsibly harvested, the trees are replaced and there is no net loss of CO<sub>2</sub> to the atmosphere. But when a forest is burned or clear-cut, much of the CO<sub>2</sub> is lost and not recaptured. So on balance, the forests we lose (net loss) account for about 25% of global CO<sub>2</sub> emissions.

\*By providing shade and evaporative cooling, trees also affect local temperature - again, urban trees even more than rural ones. Clusters of urban trees can cool ambient air temperature by 10 degrees C, reducing local energy demand (for air conditioning) by 10 to 50%. Moreover, the energy saved reduces global warming by about 15 times the amount of CO<sub>2</sub> absorbed by those trees.

### SIMPLE THINGS TO DO

\*If you'd like to plant a tree, but don't know how to begin: Call or visit a local nursery, horticulture society, arboretum or botanical garden. Tree-planting is a lot easier than you think, and many people will be not only helpful, but enthusiastic.

\*Consider talking with neighbors to see if you can begin a neighborhood or commu-



nity-wide planting effort. You'll be surprised at how much "native intelligence you can uncover.

\*Don't just stick a tree in the ground and ignore it. Like other growing plants, trees need a little care for the first two years-including water, vertical support, and mulch.

### RESULTS

\*Planting 100 million trees would reduce CO<sub>2</sub> emissions in the U.S. by 18 million tons, and energy consumption by 40 billion kilowatt-hours (worth \$4 billion), annually.

\*Planting trees has a cumulative effect; each tree you plant will provide benefits for years to come. For example: if only 100,000 people each plant a tree this year, the trees will still be absorbing over a million pounds of CO<sub>2</sub> annually in the year 2010. But if the same people plant a tree every year from now until 2010, the trees will absorb over 20 million pounds of CO<sub>2</sub> in that year.

"He that plants trees loves others besides himself."

- Thomas Fuller

## ASTROLOGERS OUTRAGED OVER PLANET X

by Jeff Perz

In the April 1995 edition of *Astronomy and Astrophysics*, astronomers announced the discovery of new planets that are distorting radiation from distant stars: "In this context, we study the effects of the large minor planets recently discovered at the edge of the Solar System (Chiron, Pholus, 1992 QB1) ..." That's right folks. The existence of new planets has been confirmed and "...the hypothetical more massive tenth Planet (Planet X) might already be partially responsible for the ..." change in radio emissions observed from stars.

This news has remained largely in scientific circles so, as of yet, no public scandal has erupted. As you might guess, if the public at large were to get word of this information, a certain group of entrepreneurs would have some explaining to do. Those particular planet watching predictors, otherwise known as astrologers.

To get an inkling of what's in store for astrology and its thousands of followers, I took to the street and interviewed a prominent astrologer. For our purposes, we will call her Madam Rosa.

Innis Herald: "Tell me Madam Rosa, how is it that the planets affect us?"

Madam Rosa: "Vell sonny, let me tell youv. Each celestial body everts our lives in different vays. All of our attributes are vормed by zem and za vuture is dictated by their positions in the stars. A minuscule change in just vone can cause profound effects in our lives. Vut, if vе can learn to vead the mystical patterns we can predict and change the vuture.

IH: "What would happen if a new planet found its way into the solar system?"

MR: "Zouds, child! Are you trying to give me a heart attack?! If that happened, the present and the future would be affected in infinite vays."

(At this time Madam Rosa is told about the new discoveries.)

IH: "Madam Rosa, I have shown you the proof demonstrating the existence of 'new' planets. Does this mean that all past astrology predictions have been false due to not taking into account all of the mystical variables?"

MR: "Where did you get these lies, you insolent fool?!"

IH: "From highly respected scientific journals, Madam Rosa."

MR: "Why you little rat! Are you trying to ruin me?! Give me that! Hwuh! Hi-ya!"

IH: "But Madam Rosa, what about the planets?"

MR: "Get out sonny, anybody vith two marbles rolling around upstairs knows its all crap!"

IH: "But what about the sun, the comets, the asteroid belt?"

MR: "Bruno! Get this rat out of here! If Nancy ever found out she'll have our heads! Hey! You did not pay for your reading you little rat!"

Ed Note: Has anyone seen Jeff? This mysteriously appeared under our door. Madam Rosa, if you are reading this, let

him go!



## free friday films

February 2, 1996

Ashes & Diamonds (Poland, 1958) Directed by Andrzej Wajda

February 9, 1996

Wings Of Desire (Germany 1987) Directed by Wim Wenders

February 16, 1996

Belle de Jour (France/Spain 1967) Directed by Luis Bunuel

March 1, 1996

Kids (USA, 1995) Guest Speaker: Larry Trafford

March 8, 1996

Somewhere in Time (USA, 1980)

Special Guest Speaker: Dr. Cam Tolton, Director of the U. of T. Cinema Studies Program

March 15, 1996

Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home (USA, 1986) Directed by Mr. Spock

March 22, 1996

Aguirre, Wrath of God [Aguirre, der Zorn Gottes] (W. Germany, 1972) W. Herzog

March 29, 1996

Steamboat Bill Jr. [Buster Keaton] (USA, 1928)

April 12, 1996

Twelve Monkeys (UK, 1995) Directed by Terry Gilliam

All Films are screened FREE on Fridays at 7:00 PM  
Innis College Town Hall, 2 Sussex Avenue at St. George Street  
Free Friday Films are presented in 35 mm film by the U of T Cinema Studies Students' Union (CINSSU) and S.A.C. Internet WEBPAGE:



# FYI...

## CALL ULM

by Damian Tarnopolsky

Then I will fly headlong into the earth:  
Earth, gape! It will not harbour me!

This article was written by an ill drunkard, so read the editorial first. Read *Under the Volcano* first. Be drunk, sick and despairing first.

There is a mouse curled up at the start of this newspaper; dead in prose, that is that. The mouse is transformed into an editorial expression, and from a messy corpse comes a latin slogan; I don't mind that. But the mouse spent the last three days of its life in drunken despair, and his half mouse friend spoke to him:

"Have you gone mad?" M. Laruelle exclaimed at last. "Am I to understand that your wife has come back to you, something I have seen you praying and howling for under the table - really under the table... And you treat her as indifferently as this, and still continue only to care where the next drink is coming from?"

To this unanswerable and swaggering injustice the Consul had no word; he reached for his cocktail, he held it, smelt it: but somewhere, where it would do little good, a hawser did not give way; he did not drink; he almost smiled pleasantly at M. Laruelle. You might as well start now as later, refusing the drinks. You might as well start now; as later. Later.

So poor The Mouse, pity him. Pity him memorialised. Being drunken and diseased, necessarily, this mouse falls from his cliff without even any dead dog to follow; I don't know if his wife or half-brother remember him. He may have had a bronchial infection like me, loosening his tubes with old alcohol, but probably he was in real despair, properly drunk.

Properly despairing, which like reciting *Finnegan's Wake* backwards, is not easy. But before his carnation on the Innis stairs, long before consulship in Oaxaca, the mouse sat in that moulding class in the American northeast. Young, the undishevelled, mousy things alone on his mind. Perhaps a tie. A teacher enters the room; Robin Williams walking in through the mouse-hole door. Our mousy student friend, call him Geoffrey or Malcolm, looks up. Attentive.

He tries to listen to Robin Williams, but it's terribly fast, and difficult. He grasps at last a latin herald. But swallowing it, he stops.

"How? How to seize the day?" He thinks. Perhaps not Geoffrey yet, but a mousely parallel, some rodent closeness. "I thought I knew. I don't know any more." He takes a cocktail again, looks hard, and maybe it's not even questions forming but people falling. He slurs. "What to seize? What if I'm wrong?" Doubt and imprisonment, and a place where there is no pleasure. "What if everything I seize is the wrong thing? What if I don't realise?" None of this he says. And this is the problem with slogans that stop thought. Swallowed addictively they cosset the head; they make you sick.

And not even asking himself anymore, he longs and falls, and drinks and falls, and is troddenshot dead sometime on the Oaxaca college stairs. And memorialised twice, three times.

I'm not sick, drunk or despairing, not like the flailing consul. Not like this poor dead mouse either, which is probably recycled into the bottom of a bottle of mescal by now. A mouse lives its mouse life to the full, but all it has is still its mouse life, all soft. I'm told that this its triumph, but I wonder if this mouse was saved. I don't think it could be.

**INNIS SKI CLUB...the Second Trip**  
Coming to a resort near you this February  
See upcoming posters for details

## President's Report

by Andy Ling

Well, the second term is in full swing and the ICSS has plenty of things planned for the new year. On the social agenda for the month of February is the widely anticipated Valentine's Ball on Saturday February 10 at the Park Plaza Hotel. Tickets are limited so get yours immediately (let's forget the traditional "I've got plenty of time" Innis attitude for a moment). The ICSS is also having an informal pub at the Study Hall on Friday February 2. Hopefully this event will be as well attended and successful as the Bowling Night held in January. The big event to look forward to in the month of March is the annual St. Patrick's Day Pub. If anyone happens to read this article and has an idea for a social event please don't hesitate to contact someone on the ICSS in Rm. 116 (that's at the college) and there's an excellent chance that we'll use your idea.

This term Innis College has continued its successful intramural sports program. With our successful genetic mutations program we've managed to field competitive teams in men's, women's and co-ed sports. The teams that are available for you to play on this term are: men's ice hockey, men's basketball, 3 teams in men's division II and III 4 on 4 volleyball, men's indoor soccer, women's volley-

ball, co-ed basketball, and co-ed volleyball. Come out and have some fun, get some exercise and meet great people (it's free too!).

Now on to some important information: applications for next year's **ORIENTATION CO-ORDINATORS(S)** will be accepted until the end of February. The position requires responsible, fun-loving, crazy, imaginative, barbeque-loving individuals. You will be responsible for creating and scheduling Frosh week activities, meeting with administration (it's not as bad as it sounds), and putting together affordable yet plentiful frosh kits. The job is loads of fun but requires a lot of time and work. For more information come to Rm. 116 and ask for Andy.

A new t-shirt design contest for Frosh T-Shirts will be held in the next few months, look for the advertisements.

Finally, in March, nominations for next year's ICSS positions will be accepted. There are plenty of positions available ranging from President to Sports Representatives. If you think you can do a better job, apply.

There you have it, an incomplete list of activities and happenings over the next few months. Hope to see you at some events - if not, have a nice life.

## The Art of Road Hookah (sorry, that's hockey)

by P. Funk

Human beings require physical contact. Being deprived of another person's touch can render even the sanest individual to the base state of depraved beasthood (like myself). Contact sports are a good way to alleviate this pent-up feeling, because then you get to bash around other crazed souls. I find myself enjoying them so much that I smoke pot before playing them to increase the sensory aspect... and also to keep myself aware of the fact that I am just a happy-go-lucky, dopey dudeman and cannot cross-check like Baumgartner (even if I wanted to). Winter is really good for team sports (just in case you're suffering from the Winter Blues), and I maintain that in terms of stoner sports in general it's better to engage in the ones you can do with your friends. My favourite winter sport for stoners therefore, is hockey...it's contact (it's even fun if it isn't full-contact like the Innis soon-to-be league) and it's a team sport that you can enjoy with just about anybody.

Unfortunately, a lot of people don't have access to ice-hockey. Especially at the drop-of-a-tab (sorry, that's hat) starting-up of a game at a whim that often happens to users of psychotropic drugs. So, I recommend road-hockey. Y'know, you can take over, small streets and alleyways (gotta love those alleyways, huh?) and make them yours. The smallest, most insignificant little lane behind so-and-so's house is way cool territory to play sports in as well as to smoke up in. Road-hockey, well... you can do both. Not only do you get to run around expending brain cells and excess energy (yes, it does happen) but you can also gaze at cute jocks of both sexes, which is one of my favourite pastimes. Believe me, road-hockey brings out the jock in the strangest of people... my friend X tried to run into a two hundred and fifty pound football star from Bishops because he thought he was Ty Domi. Note: do not trip out and play road-hockey.

Anyone can play road hockey, any time. Thanks to the mighty God of street-lights, we can play at the weird and wacky hours of the morning that give birth to the best times had by my friends and I. A good place to play near Innis is b.p.nichols lane. Quiet and relatively untraveled at night, this is great for outdoor smoking and carousing because students live on one side and the other is populated by various institutes of academia. All you need is something resembling a makeshift net, sticks (of any nature) and a ball/puck/thing. Oh, and you'll probably want teams too. Recommendation: use discretion when smoking large doobies near the printing shop, because they often work strange hours Ed. This is a common phenomenon in the Journalism industry, believe me.

Behind the Future Bakery on Bloor street is a wonderful little alley, on which is situated the Green Room cafe. It is bisected by another nice little lane so it forms a T with a convenient cross section to play hockey in (or hookah or hooky, but I won't talk about nooky-nooky...even though it rhymes so nicely). Watch out for innocent bystanders, but chances are they won't sympathize with being body-checked or hit by a flying puck-thing as much as you would. Even closer, to Innis is the Dominion Supermarket...conveniently situated at Walmer and Bloor. Equally convenient is the parking lot behind the store, if you get my drift. Just watch out if you're intending to burn big fatties, 'cause (remember this, it's important) it is a 24 hour supermarket; even though people who go grocery shopping really late at night are usually pretty interesting this does not mean that they'll condone illegal substance abuse.

When playing stoner hockey it is all-essential that you do not abuse the nature of the game. Remember, this is Canada's national sport and it has a reputation to uphold. So, only smoke the best pot around while you're playing, avoid all glass paraphernalia and don't kill anybody because it would make both stoners and hockey look bad. And really, who'd want to do that?



As you can see, the Herald makes people happy. Especially when they're drunk.



*Innis College*



*Valentine's Ball*

PRESENTED BY THE ICSS & IRC  
SATURDAY FEBRUARY 10  
AT THE PARK PLAZA HOTEL  
TICKETS \$20

TICKETS ARE AVAILABLE @ RM 116, INNIS COLLEGE. FOR MORE INFO, CALL 978-7368.



# FEATURES...

## Much Love, Robot.

by James Depew

Within the trial and error process that has been humankind's rise from the primordial proverbial, there have been many ups and downs; some periods of great wonder, and many descents into debauchery and corruption. Throughout written history there are accounts of our general inability to coordinate our meager lives into that play of plays, of which spoke the Bard. We have consistently bumbled our attempts at a civilized existence.

The last straw came in the middle ages, one of the darker periods of Western history. The Christian church held a place of great power, a power which they abused regularly. The priests held a position of liaison between almighty God, and the general populace. It was through them, and only through them, that the average individual might come to know God, his wishes and methods, and so ensure that they lived acceptably. Up to this point few questioned the church and its all-powerful clergy, and those that did met with an unfly demise.

How was it that only the priests could talk to God? Did it not say in the scriptures that God was present for each of us, in multitudinous forms. Many of the very roots of Christianity lie in the popular beliefs of by-gone 'paganism', in which all had a role of importance. Why should a select group of what was primarily well-to-do men dictate how the world should live? It was this kind of questioning that filled the hearts and minds of those courageous souls who forwarded a structured dissent, beginning with words and ideas of a man named Martin Luther. This was the first attempt at changing the church from its catholic regularity, wherein lie a tainted ideal. What rose from the wreckage of the meeting of forces was more than just Protestantism, it was foundation of what was to end an era of being led by the hand into spirituality by the religious elite, and begin one of discovery and common curiosity. What arose was science.

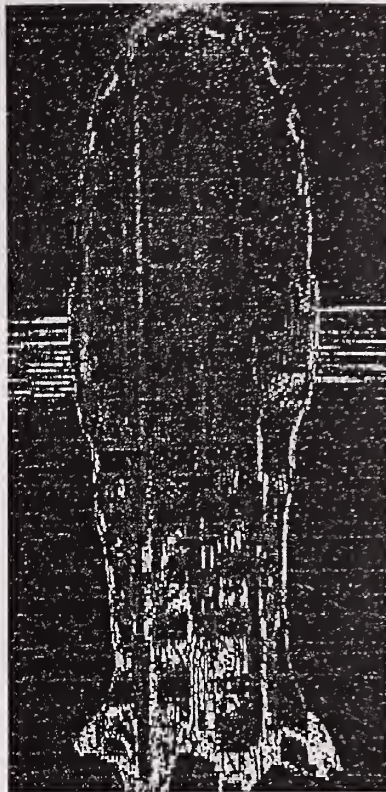
What advanced Western civilization beyond the other societies of the world, which up until now had been

technological leader (e.g. China) was the concept of the scientific law. Many were dissatisfied with the answers provided to them by the church and wanted to discover the nature of what is real for themselves. In order to ensure a framework not based in superstition and word of mouth, reality had to be set down in indisputable laws. Here began a rise in technology, sparked by some need for automation perhaps, that would itself become subject to question and dispute, a force created to lead us into an understanding of the workings of the universe would soon see its fair share of indulgence.

In a manner truly befitting humankind, we took what was to be our saviour from a life of shadowy unknowing and turn it to more profitable uses. It seemed that this technology could not only answer our, now ever-dwindling, questions, but it could provide us with all manner of amenities and comforts that until this point all were unaccustomed. Technology now failed to serve as a means to an end, and instead began to serve as the end itself.

In this day and age, there are many technological nay-sayers, disputing the real benefits of progress. They undoubtedly refer to the way we have turned the glittering mantle of science and technology into a sullied banner hoisted over our army of hedony. We have used and abused to the point where some say there is no return. The rain forests are disappearing, the air is turning dark, and war rages eternal in hearts and in land, sea, and air. All powerful Gaia is beginning to gasp and wheeze under the ever increasing weight of humanity, growing unchecked, and perhaps, uncontrollable. Woe has now become commonplace, and sadness is daily news.

This does not have to continue. Let us return to our quest for truth, and turn our toys to greater deeds, leave mammon behind as natural progression. Should our end come, we will have lived with conscience. Do not long for a far flung age of mystery and magic wherein lies our lost innocence, do not harken to a past time, before a fall from grace, we live with magic everyday - live it or lose it.



## ARE YOU READY FOR THE CHALLENGE?

by Renata Catenacci

*A man climbed a mountain in India searching for the guru he had heard of who had spent the past twenty four years drinking tea and meditating. When he found him the man asked the guru what he had learned in these years and the guru answered "I know the entire contents of my soul". The man, being a little skeptical, inquired further, "In being so isolated from the world have you experienced any pain?" And the wise old sage answered: "Too much pain, too much."*

I heard a guest speaker on Oprah one day talk about the emergence of a new breed of people in the year 2000. He referred to them as the spiritual hippies. In short, what he was describing was a more spiritually minded population. I don't find this very hard to swallow.

I used to believe that I was one in about fifty who was interested in spiritual enlightenment but I've come to realize that New Age is everywhere. People are becoming more open minded, health food stores and occult shops are growing in popularity and people are looking for alternative solutions to old health problems. If people are not already on a spiritual quest of sorts they are, at worst, intrigued by the idea of finding themselves, and Yoga, meditation and relaxation are beginning to attract even the capitalist businessman of Toronto. Now, except for the fear I hold of these sacred things becoming mainstream, I think this is great! But I wonder if people really know what they're getting into.

I've been on a quest for about eight months-very intensely, but I've been involved with New Age for five and a half years. But like anything else in life, the journey has not gone as planned. I've just discovered something very frightening about the spiritual connections I've made. I used to think that now that I've connected myself to the forces of the universe nothing could go wrong. But knowing is hard, and ignorance does at times still seem like BLISS.

Being spiritually involved with people and places and God and yourself and the goddess and the universe and your body can take its toll. This is one of the most trying and exhausting times I've ever lived through! It's easy to get caught up in the wonderful clouds that exist above our heads and get depressed when we have to return to earth, but then again it all makes sense. One must realize that although our crown chakra (which connects us to the heavens) is a lot of fun we must not neglect our root chakra (which connects us to the earth), we need both to be whole. It's like yin and yang-challenges must be met and overcome, and there's no getting out of it. I'll admit, as might most of you, that I'm searching for a belief system that will make life easier, that will lessen the blow of harsh realities, that will keep me happy-all the time, but, no matter how you choose to live, hard times are hard times. You will get frustrated and you will get hurt and you will blame it on the Seasonal Affective Disorder and you will cry and you will raise your fists to the heavens and yell "DAMN YOU!"

But here's where the comfort of your faith kicks in. In that darkness, that hopelessness, that anger, lie the lessons of life, the lessons that will lead you to enlightenment and make you whole. If I had any advice to give it would be to brace yourself for the most shocking, disrupting and frightening blissful experience you will ever know.

You will not be able to go gently into that good light.



# ...FEATURES

## The Super Bowl The Canadian Cultural Schism

by W. N. O'Higgins

The Super Bowl, the championship game of the American National Football League, has been and gone, leaving little more than empty beer bottles and certain unpleasant deposits under the cushions of the couch. Still, there are questions that this annual event raises. Why is it the single most widely shared vicarious experience in the history of mankind? Why is it that we as Canadians buy into the hype of this event, and sit rapt for the four to five hours of the performance? Why do we greedily gobble up the propaganda fed to us by the largest concentration of advertising funds in the Western world? Why is the Canadian population split (though not evenly, to be sure) on whether or not they would even consider watching this game?

Many of these questions cannot be easily answered, but the causes of many of these phenomena are plainly visible. For thirty years, hundreds of billions of dollars and hundreds of human lifetimes have been devoted to making the Super Bowl an "event" worthy of annual parties, worldwide televising efforts and the attention of nearly twenty per cent of the earth's (human) population. This investment has paid off handsomely for those who stand to gain from "the big game". What was once a game for the lower and middle classes has been priced out of reach, with the cheap seats selling a year in advance for \$239 (US funds), and the television advertising alone is sold at rates of up to tens of thousands of dollars per second of air time. There is even a game played out over the course of the game during commercial slots between Budweiser and Budweiser Light (Lite). This game is wholly fictional, played out on the screen between computer-generated beer cans, and the outcome of this game is heavily betted on. Clearly, the efforts of the advertising community have their highest pinnacle of success in this arena.

In spite of the overtly commercial nature of the Super Bowl, a game played in a league that actively discourages Canadian involvement, Canadians watch this game religiously. And yet, there are some who refuse to partake in the spectacle, citing diverse reasons from lack of interest in sport to good taste. Even those staunchly patriotic, which in Canada seems to be equated with anti-American feeling, will watch this game and think nothing of it. The real question that Canadian viewers of the Super Bowl should likely ask themselves is "Why do I watch this game?" The reasons, if any can be determined, should inform your future viewing choices.

This being said (written?), I have my own viewpoint. I watched some of the Super Bowl this past weekend, and I asked myself these questions. I follow the American football during the regular season because it is simply better produced, televised and played than the Canadian counterpart. This feeling does not spill over into the Super Bowl. I find the commercialism and hyperbole of the final game to be far more than I can reasonably stomach. Nevertheless, many of my friends take the opportunity that the Super Bowl provides us to gather in front of the television, drink beer, and talk about football, and thus I watch the game to be with them. Whether I like it or not, whether I respect the game or not, the Super Bowl is here to stay, and there is nothing I can do about it.

Therefore, there are three steps that I feel it is important to take each year on Super Bowl Sunday. The first is to consume products on their actual merits rather than their advertising. The second is to ensure that I consume only high-quality beer during the game. Supporting small breweries and the brewing diversity that they bring to the beer market is essential for moral and flavour-related consumption. Thirdly, I would like to make a point of thinking about the spectacle that I am watching. We are here at university to think, and it makes good sense to take advantage of every opportunity. In the interests of promoting Super Bowl-inspired thought I leave you with a reading from *The Doubter's Companion: A Dictionary of Aggressive Common Sense*, by John Ralston Saul:

"In the United States more women are battered on the day of the American football championship than on any other day of the year. This should not be taken as a characteristic of football itself, which has been an important and agreeable factor in stabilizing the gonadal energy of young men for more than a century.

The Super Bowl is relatively typical of competition used as a social value. Everyone, except the few who are best at the game, is reduced to the disembodied role of a spectator. Spectators do participate through some of their senses. Eyes, ears, mouths and emotions can be used to worship their substitutes. But in this process the seated are deprived of existence as individuals capable of action. Instead they become passive participants in the mythology of gladiatorial heroism.

The aim of football is to move the pigskin across the goal line. This positive skill is unfortunately little more than the exotic spice of the game. The central characteristic, involving most of the players on the field, is that the movement of the ball is halted in each play by a physical assault on its carrier. Spectators may well get excited about these repeated demonstrations of basic masculinity. The more excited they become through passive participation, the more their own active manhood may be put into doubt. In the final analysis, a guy's got to prove his own worth by hitting someone himself. Or it may be that American women are unbearably slow fetchers of beer."

Saul, John Ralston, *The Doubter's Companion*, Penguin Books, 1995, Toronto.

## The February Blues Seasonal Affective Disorder

by Suzy Daren

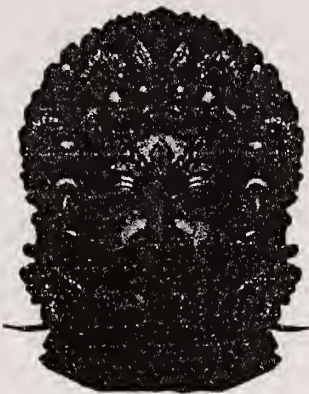
Now that the festivities of the holidays are secured in our pasts, I find myself hating all those damned ignorants who submitted their wishes in early December for a white Christmas. After all when people make wishes they often come true. It doesn't seem fair for all of us who dislike that white powder, which normally turns into grey or even worse, yellow slush. So do we have rights to toilet papering these people's houses or to flush cherry bombs down their toilets? Unfortunately, no, as much as I love laying the blame for these cold and miserable days which seem to lose their attraction as soon as all the Christmas lights come down, I simply cannot do so. Instead I must find a way to get through these terrible months. I am not alone in my depression, in fact many people suffer what is known as Seasonal Affective Disorder (SAD).

SAD is a mood disorder which can be defined by a pattern of depressive episodes. Symptoms may include hypersomnia, hyperphagia, and weight gain. The depressions normally start in late fall when the days become shorter and remit when the days lengthen in March or April. February is in fact the worst month and has the highest suicide rate of the year.

What leads to this serious disorder? What is referred to in the psychological world as "dark days". Given these findings, it was only logical to treat this disorder with the opposite, light. Light boxes for light-responsive patients, dawn simulation (a device that gradually increases illumination while the patient is sleeping, to stimulate a summer dawn), and finally antidepressant drugs such as Bupropion, Citaloprim, and Fluoxetine.

Now before you all go running to your doctors for prescriptions and light therapy, self-diagnosis is not recommended. There are other causes for depressive behaviour and light therapy may be harmful to people with certain medical conditions (for example, eye disease). Although light therapy is effective for SAD, it is not yet fully understood how the light works and what is the best method for light therapy. Light therapy devices are unfortunately not closely regulated in Canada. Therefore it is suggested that candidates proceed with caution.

There are other ways to beat the February blues. Dress up warm and go for a walk on a snowy eve, go skiing or tobogganing with friends....Get your asses outside! Instead of fearing the cold, face it, after all if you're planning on staying in this city you'd better start getting used to it. This is my first winter without a car in years and I was petrified of ever leaving my apartment, but take it from someone with no insulation, when you adequately bundle up for the next couple of months you'll see that Toronto can actually be a winter wonderland as opposed to a sunbather's worst enemy.



## OKAY ALL YOU NEGATIVE PEOPLE- GET READY TO FEEL THE POWER OF LOVE! (WHO KNOWS, YOU MIGHT EVEN SMILE)

by Renata Catenacci

I woke up this morning (thinking he'd be lying beside me. But when I reached over to touch him I found his side of the bed empty.

I could have cried. I could have yelled. I could have damned him because Valentine's Day is just around the corner and I'll be alone, again. But I didn't. Why?

People have a tendency to think of Valentine's Day as a day to be with their lovers, and if you have one, well it fits that you should pay them a little extra attention. But we don't have to equate Valentine's Day with our boyfriends or girlfriends or lovers. Valentine's Day is a day set aside from all the other days of the year, to celebrate LOVE. Alright, this word seems to frighten some and that's the problem. You can't begin to tell me that the only person you can love is the one you share your bed with. And if you can tell me that you don't love a friend or relative or yourself for that matter then I'll allow you to ignore my little rant.

I'm tired of listening to the cynics who think Valentine's Day should be banished. I think that there should be at least twelve Valentine's Days a year, one for every month. Is it so wrong to remember that a long time ago some guy decided that people should acknowledge love? I think that it's beautiful. But then again I am the Queen of Cheese. (ed. note: no, it's Fromage, Renz) I'll admit I worship Venus, the goddess of love, and I'm a helpless romantic who's heart gets broken at least once a week, but I'd rather be that than a pessimistic realist who walks with his/her eyes focussed on the ground.

The problem with reality is that it's real and it sucks. And then there are days when we can look up at the sky and dream. Days when we can smell the roses, even in February. Days when we can escape the glum streets of Toronto and visit our castles in the clouds. A day when we can watch Disney's fairy tales and cry. You don't have a mate to celebrate Valentine's Day with? Do yourself a favour. Buy a flower for someone; your dog or cat, your parents, your friend, yourself, and put all the love you have (and after all, there's got to be something in that heart of yours) into that flower and expect nothing in return. Sharing your love with someone is the best gift you can give, and it's the reason we celebrate Valentine's Day to begin with.



# ENTERTAINMENT...

## Saurabh Sharma

As both a veteran video store clerk and movie junkie, Quentin Tarantino knows that "The Desperate Hours" belongs in the drama section and "Night of the Living Dead" in the horror. So where, if he had his old job, would he rack Robert Rodriguez's "From Dusk Till Dawn", which in the blink of an eye shifts from the first genre to the second, all in the name of comedy?

Tarantino wrote "From Dusk Till Dawn" in 1990 for a reported fee of \$1,500. It was undoubtedly one of those projects he hoped to get made for the price of a slightly used Acura, and maybe garner a few kind words in Fangoria magazine. But something called "Pulp Fiction" happened, and a script that would still be gathering dust has become a major motion picture.

"From Dusk Till Dawn" is a film nerd's fever dream, a Frankenstein's monster of a used movie parts, deliberately mismatched styles, and deliriously implausible characters. For a full hour, it is the story of a pair of murdering, bank robbing brothers holding a family hostage while making their escape into Mexico. Then after they arrive at a topless biker bar in the middle of nowhere, it becomes a chaotic, bloody, nonsensical battle with ancient Aztec vampires.

Something like that. For "Pulp Fiction" fans, that first hour has its moments. It is pure blend Tarantino, comic violence and deadpan dialogue, and the brothers Gecko - played by the commanding George Clooney, from TV's "ER", and an uncharacteristically restrained Tarantino - are riotously evil. Clooney's Seth is the rational one, the tough-talking boss with just the faintest hint of conscience, and Tarantino's Richard is

a paranoid schizophrenic, detecting a conspiracy or a come-on with every twitch of a hostage.

The brothers have left a trail of bodies from Missouri to Texas when they decide to commandeer the motor home of a vacationing Fuller family - the ex-parson Jacob (Harvey Keitel, with a scruffy beard and a New York Texan twang), his daughter Kate (Juliette Lewis; the desert just wouldn't be the same without her), and son Scott (Ernest Liu). With his children's lives on the line, Jacob agrees to drive the Geckos across the border and to the nightclub where they are to rendezvous with fellow gang member Carlos (Cheech Marin).

This club looks like a Hell's Angels Fourth of July celebration in the Twilight Zone. There are leather-clad "hairwigs" sitting at every table, and beautiful naked women dancing all around them. No sooner have the brothers and their hostages arrived when one of the dancers morphs into a lizard and the bar fight of the century begins.

Rodriguez, whose \$7,000 "El Mariachi" made him a legend of independent film, (whom he sold to Creative Artists of Beverly Hills for \$500,000 - who in turn sold it for \$12 Million to various cable networks across the US), relishes in bloody cartoon violence and he had the budget on this one to create about 40 minutes of frantic mayhem. From Tarantino, we get a plot twist where the bad guys are suddenly the good guys. From Rodriguez, we get enough graphic carnage

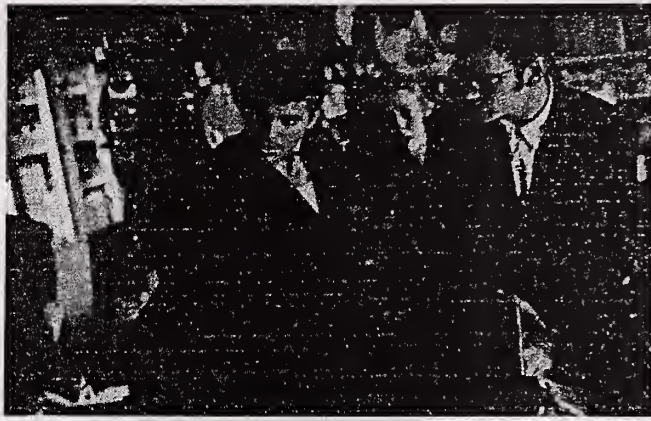
- decapitations, exploding bodies, flying limbs, splashed blood, staked hearts - to fill a thousand EC comics and various state hospitals' emergency wards.

The fight sequence is an astonishing feat of craftsmanship, if not of taste, logic or anything else you might recommend. Rodriguez hews to a shovel-it-all-in philosophy, where anything done in a previous monster movie is worth multiplying here, and he has choreographed and edited it into a kaleidoscopic *dance macabre*. But as much as you may admire the effort that went into it, and its sheer energy on the screen, the sequence extends a full half-hour beyond the point of wretched excess.

From the moment the bar fight begins, the characters created by Clooney, Tarantino and the others cease to exist. The actors are there, but only as human faces contrasted with the monsters, and there is no further reason to wonder what will become of them.

The conceit of the movie's tone and plot switch is likely to be appreciated only by audiences who share Tarantino's infatuation with the pack-rat aesthetic, where every character, event and line of dialogue exists as a spoof of old genre movies. It was a fresh trick in "Pulp Fiction" and "El Mariachi", but is road kill now, and no matter how many genres they take at once, it's likely to smell old.

"From Dusk Till Dawn" is a Band Apart/Los Hooligans Production and is released by Dimension Films. It is directed by Robert Rodriguez and produced by Gianni Nunnari and Meir Teper. The screenplay is by Quentin Tarantino and the running time is 1 hour 48 minutes, and is currently in general release in southern Ontario. Just don't forget to bring your own Tequila.



George Clooney and Quentin Tarantino in *From Dusk till Dawn*

## MechWarrior 2 Activision PC CD-Rom

### Anders

I recently purchased MechWarrior 2, and to make a long story short, I'm hooked. In the game you pilot what is called a BattleMech, just like the one pictured here. The object is to complete assigned missions and kick some serious buttocks. The sorties are not of the sort where you simply go in and blow the enemy to hell, they require more finesse. For example, impersonate an enemy mech on patrol, then infiltrate and destroy their headquarters. Other missions might be reconnaissance, assault, etc., but rest assured, there is plenty of variety.

The graphics in Mech 2 are outstanding—even at low resolution. Oh yeah, you can run the game in three resolution modes, depending on the speed of your computer. The graphic detail is impressive, you can even see the tips of unfired missiles sticking out of the launcher. The music and sound are almost cinema quality, which adds to the intensity of the gameplay.

If you like Doom or flight sims, Mech 2 should satisfy your cravings. It's a combination of both: the action and carnage of Doom, and mission based gameplay of flight sims. Couple this with over 40 missions and you're set for months of replayable excitement.

MechWarrior 2 requires a 486-66 with 8 megs RAM and SVGA.

Anders



## Sabrina

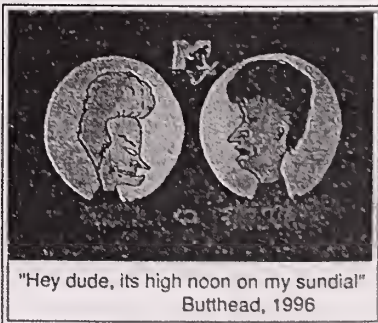
**Starring:** Harrison Ford, Julia Ormond, Greg Kinnear  
**Directed by** Sydney Pollack  
**Andy Millar**

*Sabrina* is a modern day fairy tale in which a chauffeur's daughter desperately wants to be a part of the wealthy family her father works for. The young woman, Sabrina (Ormond), is infatuated with the playboy David Larabee (Kinnear), one of the two sons in the prosperous Larabee family. Sabrina's father sends his awkward daughter off to Paris to come into her own. While she is there she is transformed into a self-confident woman with a very smart haircut. Meanwhile David becomes engaged to a beautiful doctor, who happens to be the daughter of an electronics tycoon. Their forthcoming marriage will assure a successful merger between the two family-owned companies. When the changed Sabrina returns home, David falls for her and jeopardizes the merger. Enter David's older, business oriented brother Linus (Ford). He attempts to save the merger by wooing Sabrina away from David.

This is when we see who is truly the star of this film. Harrison Ford keeps the viewer guessing whether his advances towards Sabrina are from the heart or are contrived. He uses some of his brother's ploys to win Sabrina over such as candle lit dinners, Broadway shows, and jaunts to the family cottage. Even though Linus is somewhat cold hearted, the audience sympathizes with him due to his charm and wit. Ford does an excellent job of portraying this two sided character. Ormond and Kinnear also do admirable work in the film. The philanderer David was not an extremely difficult role to play, but Kinnear was definitely believable. I was slightly disappointed with the character of Sabrina, and it's not really the fault of Julia Ormond, but of the writer. I found it exceedingly difficult to believe that in the few short months that Sabrina was in Paris, she transformed from a gawky teen, to a dazzling woman. This, however, does not take away from the film, as the rest is totally plausible.

I must say, I am not usually a fan of this style of film, but this is an exception. Ford and Ormond turn in excellent performances to turn this fairy tale into reality.

Andy Millar





# ...THE BRIDGE

## BEDSPINS (or headspins)

Recently, we had the pleasure of playing hostess' to Lex and Ru of Incarnate, also known as Post Contemporary, Legion of Green Men, Zeuxis and the Painted Grapes and Alkahest as well as many other names we're not too sure about. As a matter of fact, when we asked them to fill us in on their many names, we were in turn asked if we had a fax machine (and were also promised a fax of Lex's butt, look out for next month's shocking cover!!!). After the long, enjoyable interview which covered every topic from the lengthy, complicated process of preparing morning glory seeds, childhood memories of television to animal identifiers and just plain getting silly with the micro-cassette recorder, we learned a whole other side of these two that we will try to recapture in this article (Unfortunately, something always gets lost in the translation).

Ru passed around a bag of earplugs with little Post Contemporary commentary stickers on them, popped in their latest Alkahest single while we sat back on the comfy corduroy couch and got ready to be taken off on some analytical, trying to be logical, intelligent tangents. The discussion began with Ru letting us in on his childhood aspiration to be a streaker. On this note, the conversation drifted through subjects of sex toys and cartoon surrealism ("...the Mystery Machine would be one hell of a pad, man!!!") before landing on the more serious theme of working as a band for their own Post Contemporary label. We discussed the fact that they have been more widely received in the UK and other parts with Canada coming in last and tried to account for that. They figure it's just because the grass is always greener on the other side. (So does the GREEN in Legion of Green Men come from the colour of grass???) As they started making their own music, they took a look around to realize that there really was no one from around here that they were listening to. There were no locals making the kind of music they were. Ru sees his making music as, "something that just has to be done". Most of the response they get is from elsewhere so as they try to concentrate on focusing their energy to places where they are being appreciated, they realize that it is hard to influence a scene that is a continent away as the only way they are connected to that scene is what they hear on the records coming out of there or what they read in the magazines. The only thing left to do is to go inside their own heads, which they do quite nicely, and oh what a trip! Canada's loose-knit system makes it hard to break into the scene with the three major centres spread across the country. With their first record, 'Timetunnel' they received comments such as, "It's ahead of its time" (a compliment reading -a hard sell) and "It's dated" until things like a five-star review in Streetsound turned peoples' attention to their innovative work.

Ideally they would like to make records the way they wanna make 'em. They're not trying to pave their way to stardom (although the cash and the chicks might be nice, eh Lex?) but at least to have that creative musical freedom without having to make any concessions or compromises and not need to worry about whether or not the records sell. Unfortunately, for this young and ambitious duo, it's a business (the record label) as well, as sharing the problems of being musicians, engineers, and businessmen amongst a bunch of names.

Sometimes, what they do doesn't feel like art but rather engineering or business. Ru, who holds a piece of paper from Fanshawe with a degree of recording engineering on it, defines the role of today's electronic musician, "Because the instrument is now playing the music for you, the responsibility is then for the musician to start thinking and stop letting the machines do it for you. There has to be an idea behind the piece you're



Our Token Dreaded Guy. He's probably tokin' too.

## Lina's Famous Butterscotch and Chocolate Chip Cookies

1 cup unsalted butter, softened  
3/4 cup sugar  
3/4 cup packed light brown sugar  
1 tsp vanilla  
2 eggs  
2 1/4 cups unsifted all-purpose flour

1 tsp baking soda  
2 tsp salt  
1 1/2 cups semi-sweet chocolate chips  
3/4 cups butterscotch chips  
1/2 cup nuts (optional)

Cream butter, white sugar, brown sugar and vanilla in a large mixing bowl until light and fluffy. Add eggs. Beat well. Combine flour, baking soda and salt; add gradually to creamed mixture. Beat well. Stir in chocolate and butterscotch chips and nuts. Drop by teaspoonful onto ungreased cookie sheet. Bake at 375 degrees for 8-10 minutes. Cool slightly. Remove from cookie sheet and cool completely on wire rack. Grab yourself a tall glass of cold milk and enjoy!

Beatles or Stones tune but the masses keep on buying those old Beatles or Stones albums. You've got the song and then you've got the sound. The performance is what's important." Speaking of performance, you can catch Legion of Green Men at the next Trancendance party in March and rumour has it Alkahest will be at Alien in April.

As mentioned, we got a sneak preview of the new, unreleased Alkahest single, and a new Zeuxis ep is in the works as well as a full-length Zeuxis album in the future. (Next out will be 'Zeuxis in the Phantom Laboratory', the name Zeuxis will be the constant and the other names will change so don't be confused!) "Now is just not the time for Legion of Green Men." Each name represents a certain mood that they are trying to express. Each time that mood changes, the name changes with it but like in the Zeuxis projects there is always one constant, and that's 'Incarnate'. "That's our production name, that's who we really are, everything is under that name."

To depict the visual image they have behind their music, we asked them to describe the movie they would like to write a soundtrack to and came up with, "A sci-fi comedy thriller psychedelic animated (really good animation) strange bizarre kinda psychotic apolitical... lots of shorts with a disjointed common theme, all completely animated, which people would walk out of our special theatre (where smoking is encouraged and every other row is removed for extra leg room) saying, "Man, that was really intense". You figure it out! For more serious questions and answers, look for the fax interview they did with some French magazine the week before they did this one.

## To E or not to E?

### Herbal Ecstasy in question..

The friendly blonde girl in the bathroom at a party I went to last month handed me a pack of little blue pills and said, "Here, have these. Merry Christmas." She washed her hands and left.

I didn't know quite what to think. I mean, substance abuse is fun and all, but when it comes to unidentified pill form one tends to hesitate before deciding to ingest a handful of capsules. I asked my companion if she recognized them and after one glance at the contents of my hand she smiled and told me I was one lucky dog, that the pills were Herbal Ecstasy. I confirmed this with the people who were selling it at a small table and indeed it was Herbal E. Interesting, I thought. I was quite curious about the effects of this "safe, all-natural energy source with no side effects." So, I shrugged and downed the package of five.

Have you ever drank two cups of coffee out in the sun while having a really intense conversation with someone about whose company you especially enjoy? The feeling that crept over me about half an hour later was very similar... A kind of light, heady euphoria with enough extra energy to elicit a couple of extra hours of dancing. Good clean fun. Or so I thought.

Soon after, my mother presented me with an article from Newsweek about a 16 year old girl from Atlanta who'd taken a bunch of Herbal E's at Lollapalooza. Her heart had overaccelerated and she had had to have her stomach pumped. Filled with gory details about people in the EMS tents at summer festivals showing symptoms of rapid heart rates, shaking and other jittery effects consistent with ephedrine products, the article made me wonder about this "wonder drug".

Herbal E has received a lot of hype. In a media blitz on TV and in magazines like 'High Times', Global World Media Corp (the Californian company that gave birth to this particular brainchild) has publicized their product as a non-dangerous organic alternative to illicit street drugs. It contains a mixture of herbal stimulants; ma hoang (better known as ephedra), kola nut, guarana and green tea (all containing caffeine). It should be noted for the record that ephedra-caffeine combinations have apparently caused heart-attacks, nerve damage, strokes and even a few deaths when used in weight loss and energy products.

Still the U.S. Food and Drug Administration have received few complaints about Herbal Ecstasy. According to Newsweek, this is because it only became popular this summer (despite the fact that it's been on the market for two years). Robert Kessler, the executive vice president of GWMC, says that the product is "well within the bounds of acceptable safety." His company has sold ten million five-tablet packages in the last year, and its popularity is growing. They suggest a dosage of three to five tablets, and they warn users not to take more than ten in a day.

To E or not to E? I guess to Each their own. But one thing, if you're going to take Herbal Ecstasy (which is purposefully misspelled, by the way) then remember to tie your shoelaces before you start dancing.



Comin' Up: Birthday Extravaganza for Nuwanda... featuring musical guests 29 Pictures, Moss, Project 9, Adam Marshall, Blotto, Murat (all the way from NYC) Sugar Daddy Moth & Jarkko. Free Beer with entry. Interested? Call 537-9435 for details...

COMIN' TO YA FROM NUWANDA AND GLORY GIRL



# MUSIC...

## Searching for Glam Rock in a Glam-Rockless world

by Mike Audet

Does anyone else out there remember Glam Rock? Faster Pussycat, Pretty Boy Floyd, early Poison, Johnny Crash, L.A. Guns, Junkyard? I'm here in my room listening to "Your mama won't know (if we kiss tonight)" by Pretty Boy Floyd, and I can't think of a more fun and carefree style of music. I don't think that there has ever been an unhappy Glam Rocker. Before I say anymore on the lost treasure that is Glam rock, first I would like to make a very important distinction: Glam rock is not AC/DC or anything that should be associated with Skids. Skids hated Glam rock. No Glam Rocker would ever wear an old rock shirt with white sleeves, or have layered rat's nest hair that hadn't been washed in weeks. Glam Rockers wore mostly women's clothing. Nice blouses, necklaces, and bracelets were the standard garb. Silk was a material of preference. In terms of hair, only the best hair care products would do. Joico and Paul Mitchell were standard in any Glam Rocker's bath tub. Glam Rockers were infinitely clean and took great pride in their appearance.

Were Glam Rockers homosexual then? Not necessarily. One of the things that some Glam Rockers loved more than Glam rock was women. In fact, another defining characteristic of a Glam Rocker is the true, deep down body love, of giving women oral pleasure. The Glam Rocker was the definitive sex machine. All you have to do to find this out is listen to their lyrics; classics like Faster Pussycat's "Big Dictionary" (she just loves me for my Big Dictionary) or Poison's "Talk Dirty to Me" (self explanatory). Glam Rockers were known to have the greatest number of groupies, and be the poorest players of their instruments (musical, that is). We knew what was important back then... Ed note: any woman wishing to contact Mike or his friend, you can drop your photo and phone number at rm. 305 Inns College.

Sadly, all good things must come to an end, and the Glam era was no exception. The tidal wave of new alternative music basically washed away the support for Glam, even though Glam was itself an alternative to mainstream music. Its replacement was dark, angry, and took itself way too seriously. Sex became replaced with depression, and fun by some twisted need to look cool by knowing who was the cool band to like on a particular week. I think that things are finally turning out for the best, with a blend of the two. Fun music seems to be back, but now that it has been influenced by the alternative revolution, it has a lot more artistic integrity. All's well that ends well, I suppose. All I can say is I don't care one bit what anyone says - I love old Glam rock, and always will. A friend of mine and I keep the spirit alive by having a Glam Fest every year in which we drive to Montreal and inundate some unsuspecting non-Glam fan with five hours of the best Glam there has ever been. We've yet to convert anyone, but we're still hopeful. Looking for some way out of the February blahs? All I can say is that there's nothing like a shot of Glam rock to bring me up out of anything. Cheers!

## Various "Node"

(Deviant Records)

What would you get if a couple of the most important people in music today got together with a pile of their expensive equipment and made music in a Britain's Paddington train station? You would get Node, a collaboration project of such names as Flood, who produced such big names as U2, PJ Harvey, and Nine Inch Nails; Ed Buller, who worked with Suede and Lush. Node is also musicians Gary Stout, and Dave Bessell. They have performed at the Museum of Synthesizer Technology, and have released their first work, Terminus, available on Deviant records.

The Node sound is reminiscent of early 70's electronica, beginning with such names as Tangerine Dream. This is due to the groups passion for old technology, they have equipment the likes of which can now only be seen in the studios of past electronic greats like Brian Eno. The great stacks of early analogue synthesizers plastered all over the case attest to this fact. The vital difference here, though, is the fresh dose of novelty of these slightly more modern musicians. Now they've come far enough to have been given the auspicious new title of electronic retro-pioneer group (we must have a category).

This CD has only two tracks, coming in with a total length of just over twenty minutes, about as long as a single. Too bad. What you get with Node is a complete sonic landscape of rhythmic pulses, soft beats, and a selection of somewhat more recognizable sounds from within the surrounding train station, all turning in a vast wave of sound and crashing on a sandy beach one lazy Sunday afternoon. Their incredible range of equipment allow for nearly any sound imaginable, and what they give us is a wonderful demonstration of their potential. Sadly, it's only a small sampling of what these musical bigwigs should be able to come up with. The short CD length is only made up for, in that what is heard leaves the listener wishing for more. Maybe they're priming their audience.

In any case Node's new release has at least one listener waiting in anticipation for another release. It is so very rarely that electronic music ventures into the realm of subtlety, and when it does I always try to be there. Let's just have a full length next time, hey guys?

-James Depew

NOTICE: WATCH OUT FOR UPCOMING INNS BAND PUB!

## Nightmares on Wax "Smoker's Delight" (Warp)

An unusual release for Warp, a label associated with hard techno and electro jams. Strange that they would sign a "Trip-hop" group. What the fuck is "trip-hop" anyways, if not hip-hop without MCs? E.A.S.E., the mastermind behind Nightmares on Wax, maintains that "trip-hop" is a bullshit term concocted by the media to try to fool people, apparently because hip-hop is considered a less vital art-form than it was a few years ago. While he insists his music is "hip-hop", it is difficult for me to image true b-boys getting down to this record, unless, of course, it is under heavily blunted circumstances. "Trip-hop", then, is the term this review will use.

*Smoker's Delight* is a really good album. It carries the listener through the history of Black music (in other words, music) via samples and recontextualizes it for the whiter E-generation. Instead of a reggae or jazz song, Nightmares on Wax will make a reggae or jazz inspired song. This eliminates any chance of fronting, and makes the album easier on the ears. A track-by-track review would seem appropriate, so here are the highlights...

"Introlude", either sampled by or using the same source of the Pharcyde's "Passin Me By", floats in from nowhere and moves you through a retro-keyboard canon to rival Professor Longhair's. "Wait a Minute" is an awesome work of funk, in the same vein as Jazzy Jeff's "Time to Chill" from 1988. "The Journey" embodies a deep bass-line, rebounding between a jamaican bogle beat and some old skool Miami Vice drums. "What I'm Feelin'" sounds like Herbie Hancock meets Donkey Kong, while "Rise" throws some dope cougars over a dirty low-end. "Mission Venice", the best track, is a Syd Barrett spy theme remixed by Prince Paul. The rest of the album is standard trip-hop fair; phat beats, rich bass, and cheesy "surf" keyboard effects thrown in for "ambiance".

The album's only true wack moment is the nine-minute opus "Pipes Honour". A corny synthesized guitar masturbates over a casio drumbeat in awkward 3/4 time.

Better than DJ Krush's album, worse than any of RZA's, *Smoker's Delight* is a great trip-hip-hop album. As the title implies, it probably goes better with some fresh sparked ism, but I haven't found out yet.

- Rob Judges

## Mic Geronimo "The Natural" (Blunt Recordings)

As gifted as he is, Mic Geronimo will never emerge as one of hip-hop's stars, but he probably doesn't give a shit. A rapper's rapper, Geronimo has no aspirations and nothing to prove; success be damned. The album's title is the most accurate since The Beastie Boys' *Some Old Bullshit*, his skills being, well, natural. It seems less like he wanted to be an MC than it just sort of happened. "I just do what I do naturally cuz it naturally comes to me" he rhymes on the title track. He is arguably the smoothest MC of the year, an amalgamation of Q-Tip's drawl and Nas' flow. His astounding lyrical prowess, coupled with the minimalist production of Da Beatminerz and Buck Wild, makes for a deep, sombre journey through his world of schemes, hustling and boasting.

"Masta I.C.", the album's best cut, reveals Mic Geronimo at his most unemotional; blunted, bloodied, and pre-occupied with cash. It is a haunting track, more foreboding than anything Tricky or DJ Premier have ever done. "Time to Build" (as in Time to Make Money) is another sonic masterpiece, over which Geronimo has invited his niggas to flex. Royal Flush and O.C. appear on "Men vs Many" and instead of each rapper taking a verse as one would expect, the three MCs craft a complex trade-off system of rhyming. Pure butter.

In the year of the Wu-Tang Clan, where most other hip-hop artists can't compare, Mic Geronimo, in keeping his style low-key and discreet, has made an album of genuine artistic vision and importance. Two weaknesses: the inclusion of "Shit's Real", his debut single from two years ago which sounds mad old in this ever-changing world of rap, and the skits, about a bunch of Gs trying to hail a cab (played out). If Mic Geronimo seems to slip into a hip-hop cliché or two, he has every right, because his point is to be hip-hop, and nothing more.

-Rob Judges



"Smoker's Delight". Hip to the Trip Hop...  
Judge Rob says "it's the Baddest." And it



# ...SPORTS

## INNIS ATHLETICS

### SCOREBOARD

#### WOMEN'S

Volleyball  
St. Michael's College 2, Innis 0

#### CO-ED

Basketball  
Innis 22, Woodsworth 12

Volleyball  
Rehab 2 to Innis 0

#### MEN'S

Basketball  
Forestry 27, Innis 23  
SGS Psychology 73, Innis 23

Hockey  
Innis 2, Faculty of Ed. 1  
Pharmacy 5, Innis 2

Indoor Soccer  
Forestry 4, Innis 2  
MBA 3, Innis 4

Volleyball  
Innis II 2, Law 0  
Innis A 2, Music 0  
Innis III 0, Pharmacy 2  
Innis III 2, Forestry 0

## UPCOMING INTRAMURAL ACTIVITIES

- Tuesday February 6**  
7pm Men's Basketball Innis vs. Woodsworth in the Fieldhouse  
9 pm Men's Volleyball Innis II vs. Meds B & G in the Sports Gym  
10 pm Men's Volleyball Innis A vs. Medical Leafs in the Sports Gym  
Men's Indoor Soccer Alpha Omega vs. Innis in the Fieldhouse
- Wednesday February 7**  
9 pm Coed Basketball Innis vs. St. Mike's in the fieldhouse
- Thursday February 8**  
9 pm Men's Volleyball Innis III vs. Meds in the Sports Gym
- Friday February 9**  
8 pm Coed Volleyball vs. Skule in the Sports Gym
- Monday February 12**  
8 pm Women's Volleyball vs. FEUT in the Sports Gym  
9 pm Men's Volleyball Innis II vs. Scarborough (same place)
- Tuesday February 13**  
8 pm Men's Basketball vs. UC II in the Sports Gym  
9 pm Coed Basketball vs. Meds I in the Fieldhouse
- Wednesday February 14**  
9 pm Men's Indoor Soccer vs. Medical in the Fieldhouse
- Monday February 26**  
7 pm Women's Volleyball vs. Pharmacy B in the Sports Gym  
10 pm Coed Volleyball vs. New I in the Sports Gym  
Men's Indoor Soccer vs. Law in the Fieldhouse
- Tuesday February 27**  
9 pm Men's Volleyball Innis II vs. PHE in the Sports Gym  
10 pm Men's Volleyball Innis A vs. SMC A in the Sports Gym  
Men's Basketball Innis vs. Lawng Arms in the Fieldhouse
- Thursday February 29**  
8 pm Coed Basketball Innis vs. Law in the Upper Gym  
Men's Hockey vs. Dentistry at Varsity Arena

Back in the 80's it was assumed that if you were an Innis student it was only because no other college on campus would take you. Innis, the smallest undergraduate college at U of T, was seen by all the students as something unique on campus. By the 1990's things began to change, people began to come to Innis began to attract a more studious and apathetic group. Upon arriving at Innis I was told that Innis was not an athletic college that people just did not want to participate in sports, that Innis had become accustomed to losing and I should probably be happy just not to default. This defeatist attitude was really disturbed. I felt that Innis could put forth teams and be competitive. Last year I decided to run for the Men's Athletics representative for Innis, hoping I could make an impact. Although the year is not yet over I can already see some major improvements. This year the Men fielded six fall league teams in: basketball, touch football, hockey, rugby, soccer (briefly) and volleyball. Of the six teams there were only four defaults and three of the six teams made the playoffs, with one winning a championship. The winter term has just begun and this time the men have : basketball, hockey, indoor soccer and three volleyball teams. The men were able to field a team in every single sport which occurred at U of T this year. The enormous success of the Men's Athletics was primarily due to increased interest from the residence in athletics as well as a lot of work on my behalf in the first two months of the school year. We must face the fact that Innis is no longer an intramural doormat.

A good indicator of the kind of year Innis Men's Athletics is having is indicated by the T.A. Reed Standings. The T.A. Reed Award is given out every year by the University of Toronto Intramurals to the colleges and faculties which have had an outstanding year in Men's intramural play. The Marie Parkes and the Stewart Wodehouse awards are given out for women's and coed sports respectively. Points are calculated based upon number of teams, victories, regular season placing and playoff performance. Then these points are multiplied based upon number of eligible participants at that college. For example Scarborough has a multiplier around 1, whereas Medicine would have a multiplier around 1.9, with Innis falling somewhere around 1.8. The first term standings show Innis with over 2700 points already eclipsing last years total. Innis is in sixth place overall of 13 colleges or faculties in our division behind Scarborough, Victoria, St. Mike's and Medicine, but ahead of Engineering, Erindale, Trinity. Innis could very well finish third in the T.A. Reed standings if the teams continue to do well.

Co-Ed sports are also having a decent year with coed basketball and volleyball leagues currently being conducted. Innis stands in sixth spot overall in the Stewart Wodehouse standings, which are based on participation. As well Innis made it to the semi-finals in co-ed volleyball last term before losing to the eventual champions.

Women's Athletics by all accounts are not having a good year. Due to some disorganization at the beginning of September, Innis was only able to get two teams, a Volleyball and Soccer team, both of which defaulted their first games and were subsequently booted out of the league. Innis ranks 13th out of 15 faculties in the Marie Parkes standings with 9 points. The tragic thing about this, is that there was significant interest in Women's sports, but in both instances most people were not contacted. This is not to say that the Women's Intramural rep has been negligent in her duties, that is kind of irrelevant. Typically, the V.P. government is supposed to make sure that everyone on the I.C.S.S. is doing their job, but because the team entry meetings occurred prior to the first I.C.S.S. meeting of the year it would be somewhat unreasonable for the V.P. government to be worried about whether the women's rep was doing her job. As a result, noone bothered to go and enter a Women's basketball team. What this whole farce shows is not the ineptitude of the Women's Rep or the V.P. government, but a problem with the system.

In my opinion if Innis is to ever realize it's full potential in Intramurals, it needs someone to administer over the Men's, Women's and Co-Ed athletics. Other colleges such as Erindale, Scarborough and Victoria have athletic directors who oversee the program as a whole.

Innis is no longer the apathetic college that people have for so many years said it was and it's time that people realize this. Given the right opportunity, people will participate.



Innis made its return to Rugby for the first time in four years. Pictured here at halftime in the division finals on November 18th are Aaron Magney, Jean-Paul Marmoreo, Kurt Magney and Len McKee



# INNIS THIRST...

## The Beers of Love

another In an ongoing series of enlightening articles for all Innis beer connoisseurs by Cass Enright

St. Valentine's Day. The day where all of us look at our lives, either rejoicing at the love that exists or weeping at the lack thereof. It is a day that is quickly approaching all of us, where we will feel very good, or not so great, either way hoping to receive a Valentine from someone special. I have decided to write a quick piece about the best Valentine's Day beers available to all you lovers or loners out there. These are the best red/amber/or similar love motif brews that are perfect for snuggling up with your loved one in front of the fireplace or for a quiet yet lonesome drink to reflect on what went wrong.

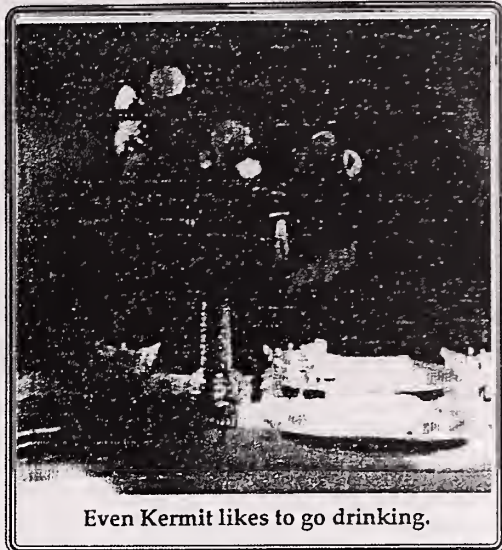
Starting with the local brews, the **Niagara Falls Krick** is an excellent beer, flavoured with cherries. It is a strong ale at 6.5%, stronger than the true kries of Belgium. But this krick is definitely Canadian-style, with a dark reddish brown colour and a great taste. A common activity for many in Toronto is to go out for a romantic cappuccino at one of the city's many coffeehouses. Alternatively romantic yet beery would be to try **C'est What's Coffee Porter**, available at the pub itself and select liquor stores. This is a very dark ale, with roasted malts and coffee beans thrown in. A definite taste of coffee is evident here, and could be a great switch from simply an espresso. For those moccaccino lovers, **C'est What** has also been known to have a **Chocolate Ale** on occasion. And for those of us who can only dream, the **Natural Blonde** lager is ready and waiting at the **Rotterdam Bar and Bistro**.

Belgium is a country full of great Valentine's Day beers. The famous **Duvel**, a strong Belgian ale has been described by Michael Jackson as having a palate that "is soft and seductive" and with power (8.2%) "to lead anyone into temptation." Maybe this beer can aid in finding yourself a special someone for Valentine's Day if one does

not exist as of yet. Another famous Belgian ale, the **Chimay Red** has a copper colour and a hint of black-currant. Quite the love-looking brew, if you can find it, would be an actual **Krick Lambic** from Belgium's **Senne Valley**, possibly **Lindeman's** or **Mort Subite**. The krick lambics are bright red, with strong fruity sweet flavours. Definitely the beer of love by appearance. Other lambics worthwhile would be **Timmerman's Faro**, a lambic flavoured with candy sugar. Why conform to the norm and give her a box or chocolates when you could give her a six-pack of candy sugar beer? If you're looking to seduce this Valentine's Day, you may want to try the **Big Chouffe** from the **La Chouffe** brewery. This is an extremely strong beer, yet with a virtually unnoticeable strong taste, having a sparkling fruity taste which leads to fast happiness.

Turning to the United States, the **Nor'wester Raspberry Welzen** from Oregon is a light wheat beer flavoured with raspberries. It is reddish coloured, with a unexciting wheat-lager initial taste but a massive berry aftertaste on the way down. The **Old West Amber** is a popular amber lager, with a red-brown colour and pictures of old west American heroes on the label, including the famous lovers **Etta and Sundance**. An interesting beer out of California, unfortunately unavailable in Toronto, is **Buffalo Bill's Alimony Ale**. This would be a great brew for whom Valentine's Day sadly brings thoughts not of love. This beer is one of the most bitter beers in the world, for obvious reasons.

St. Valentine's Day can be a time of happiness for some or unfortunate sadness for others. If there is somebody for you share Valentine's Day with, why not celebrate it with a fine brew? However, if there is not someone out there for you to love, remember you can always love your beer. Maybe this Valentine's Day will bring together beer lovers to make the next one great.



Even Kermit likes to go drinking.

## How the West was Beered

by Bruce Phillips

The president of the Innis Beer Connoisseur's Society, Cass Enright, finally succeeded in getting me to write an article for the Innis Herald Thirsty section/the Bar Towel after much haranguing and cajoling. First and foremost, I should welcome all readers to join our club. If you do nothing else on campus all year, why not at least avoid a test or assignment by joining us for a pint (or a pitcher!) while discussing **Buffalo Bill's Pumpkin Ale** or **Nor'wester Raspberry Weizen**. You've never tried them? Neither have I, but I intend to. And that is exactly what the **I.B.C.S.** is all about — tasting new types of beer in a friendly atmosphere. I have warm fuzzies already. Slap a tape in the **V.C.R.** so you won't miss the **X-Files**, and come on out for a pint of something

that's bound to be tastier than that two-year old, half-empty bottle of Zima that's sitting in the bottom of your sock drawer.

Beer originally came from ancient Mesopotamia, and one of the world's oldest recipes is in fact for beer. It would be nice to go on a brewery tour to that part of the world, but I have neither enough time nor the money. Instead, I have spent my last few summers in B.C. washing dishes and shovelling sawdust. As I ground my way uphill on my bicycle riding home from work every night I always passed by a rather large B.C. Liquor Commission outlet. I didn't have much faith in the B.C.L.B.'s choices of beer, so I would usually point my nose up in the air with disdain and pedal on. One time, however, I decided to stop and look around inside — it was an air conditioned building, and the outside temperature was a below-the-belt 40 degrees. I took a step inside, and lo-and- behold, there were not only my local favourites, **Okanagan Spring's Brown Ale** and **St. Patrick's Stout**, but also **Duvel** and **Mort Subite** from Belgium, **Pilsner Urquell** from Czechoslovakia and **Samuel Adams' Boston Ale** to name just a few of the great beers on the shelf.

Tucked away behind these big names were some unfamiliar bottles of various shapes and colours. I was surprised to see many of these were beers from B.C., Washington State and Oregon microbreweries. The Pacific Northwest is actually somewhat of a microbrewery mecca, but many of their beers have been hard to find

in B.C. until recently. It seems that the B.C.L.C. is now trying to showcase local beers and improve selection.

Breweries in the Pacific Northwest are big on flaunting tradition and brewing offbeat styles, especially fruit beers. In fact, a little further down the coast in San Francisco you can find **Pumpkin Ale** in **Buffalo Bill's Brewpub**, but it will take you a day or two to drive down there. Closer to (my) home, **Rogue Brewery** in Oregon State brews a beer called **Rogue-n-Berry**, which is made with marion berries. I was not overly impressed with it, but their **Honey Ale** sure sounded interesting. Then there was the **Espresso Stout** from Washington State's **Hart Brewery**. This is one beer that will sure keep you awake at night!

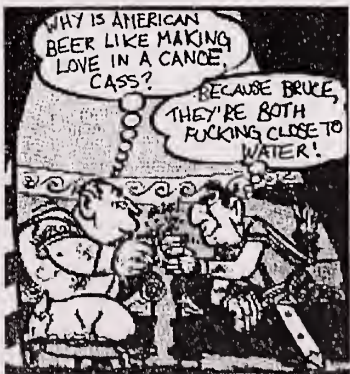
If honey ales and fruity lagers are not your thing, the Pacific Northwest still has many traditional beers. How about sitting on the pier, shucking oysters and drinking a **Full Sail Amber Ale** from Oregon's **Pyramid Brewery**. I liked this beer so much that I

refused to put it in the fridge where the rest of my family could get at it. To this day it remains one of my favourite ambers.

Vancouver has several breweries, the best established of which is the **Granville Island Brewing Company**. I suggest their **Bock**. It has a nice rich taste, although a little weak, and a beautiful dark red colour. Another well known Vancouver brewery is **Shaftesbury** which is famous for its **Cream Ale**, the best smelling beer that I have ever had. **Shaftesbury Rainforest Amber Ale** is also on my list of West Coast favourites, but after drinking it I always feel like running out and saving the spotted owl!

I can not write an article about beer in the Pacific Northwest without mentioning British Columbia's **Okanagan Valley** which is about a five hour drive across the coastal mountains from Vancouver. I have just recently been informed that there is a new brewery in Penticton, B.C. which makes a **Rattlesnake Lager**, so named because of the brewery's close proximity to a **Rattlesnake Island**. I hear that this beer packs quite a bite! However, the best known brewery in the Okanagan is **Okanagan Spring**, the brewery which put the town of **Vernon** on the map. **Okanagan Spring's Pale Ale** is tremendously popular throughout B.C., probably because it's hoppy taste and semi-dark colour are appealing to both drinkers of light, Canadian style beers and drinkers of darker, richer brews alike. On one informal survey at a bar in the Vancouver airport (which also is home to a trademark Cheers pub that serves **Sam Adams' Boston Ale** on tap!) I counted five people out of ten ordering **O.K. Spring's Pale Ale**. The other five ordered either **Shaftesbury Cream Ale** or **Molson's Canadian**. In addition to **Pale Ale**, **Okanagan Spring Brewery** produces a fine stout, a thick and chewy porter, a nose-tingling pilsner and a refreshing, nutty **Brown Ale**.

For all you who can not afford the plane ticket to go out west, there is some good news. **Okanagan Spring** will soon be available in Ontario, brewed in conjunction with **Sleeman's**. My guess is that the first beer to become available will be the **Pale Ale**, so keep your eyes peeled for a bottle and have a taste of how the West was beered.





# ...THIRSTY TALE

## The Amazing Adventures of Octofist



Our story starts on a balmy Saturday afternoon. Our hero, the gallant, beer drinking Octofist, was leaving Upper Canada Brewery in downtown Toronto. With a newly acquired still full UC Brewery beer stein in his hand (holds up to One Liter), he made his way to King Street. Now, a funny thing happened to him on his way to King St. Actually, some people may not find it so funny, but at least it was strange. A policeman pulled up beside him in a cruiser, and was about to give him a ticket for Drinking in Public. Usually this would have been no problem, for the mayor had granted Octofist a Drink Anywhere License, good anywhere in the Greater Toronto Area. (This license was granted to him for previous deeds, which will probably surface in another issue.) But, as it so happened, he had put it up for hawk the night before in order to remain drunk for the weekend. So our valiant hero was without permit, and only a little drunk. When asked to see his ID, Octofist simply whipped out his ever-present six-pack, and with a furtive glance over his shoulder, handed it to the coper. The Pig gave him the bunt sign, and Octofist was on his way. Now some of you might not find it so funny, but if you knew Octofist, you'd laugh. I did.

Now our story progresses.

After his altercation with the police, Octofist went home. He was sitting on his front porch with a few friends (myself included), having a quiet beer, enjoying the lazy days of summer. Suddenly, a very disturbing noise reached his ears. What was it? A distraught, disheveled, hausfrau with a distinctive accent was accosting his tender hearing.

"Whoa, slow down. What's wrong?" he inquired politely (for one must always be polite to their elders).

"It is...my...help... no..." was all that the distressed woman could utter. Octofist eyed her coolly, and finished his beer.

"Come again?"

"My..." a deep breath. "Someone has taken my beer. Look- I only have empty bottles. They were full! This is the third time that it has happened!" she finally managed, shaking a case of empty bottles in Octofist's direction.

Octofist started back, visibly shaken. "What sort of monster would do this? What will your children have with their cereal?" And then, "You've come to the right person. I'll handle this." He settled back down in his chair and cracked open a fresh one. In but a trice, it was empty. "That was good." A moment passed. "But where are my manners?" And with that, he offered the housewife a cold ale. She accepted demurely, and with a still disturbed look in her eyes, drained it. While she was finishing her beer, I went inside and brought out a note pad. "Now ma'am, where do you live? Uhuh, Ok." While Octofist was questioning her, I scribbled down the answers as quickly as I could. "And where did you leave the beer?"

"The usual place- inside the back door, under the stairs. It's cool there," she added brightly. Octofist nodded approvingly at this last bit of information.

"Okay ma'am. I'll get right on it. We have enough information here." With that he gave her twelve beers- enough to tide her over until her next trip to the Beer Store. She left, looking much relieved, with grateful tears in her eyes.

"So what are we going to do, Oc?" I queried, between beers.

"We'll ask around the neighbourhood, check if anyone saw anything. Come on, we've got a lot of work to do." Finishing his DoppieBock, he strapped on his Refrigerator Belt™ with a six-beer capacity. I stuffed my pockets full of beer as best I could, and followed him out into the street.

We proceeded to the lady's yard (I never did get her name) and had a look-see. There were hedges on the two sides, and a six-foot fence at the back. After a few minutes of looking around, Octofist motioned to me, and we left, leaving the empties on the stairs, where no one would trip over them. Safety First, was another one of Octofist's mottoes.

"Well, Beedie, what did you see?"

"Not much. There were some scuff marks on the fence, indicating that someone could have made an entry and exit via that route. Apart from that, the swing set looked like it would make a nice midnight drinking spot."

"Hmm. I don't think so. Do you remember last week, on Wednesday, we were out of beers? I went to the Beer Store, and it just so happens that these yards made for a great short-cut. Good eye for the swings, though."

"So what's next, Octofist?"

"I figure that we'll go and talk to the neighbours now."

The next hour or so we spent going 'round and asking questions from the neighbours. No leads. Dead ends all of them- except one. We went to talk to the neighbour who shared the back fence with our client.

"Good afternoon, Ma'am. I am Octofist, and this is my associate Beedie," he said, introducing us when she opened the door. "We're here to ask some questions concerning a very serious matter."

"What's going on? Did someone get hurt?" she asked, alarmed.

"I'm afraid that we can't discuss that ma'am. We're very sorry to trouble you, but I was hoping that you could help us. May we come in?"

"Yes, sure. Beedie- now that's an unusual name- is it French?"

"No ma'am. When you wake up after having a few brews the night before, the first thing that you see in the mirror is a beady-eyed character looking back at you."

"Oh. I see. Are you boys the police?"

"No ma'am, we drink beer."

"Speaking of which, do you have any...?" I interjected. I had finished all of mine, and I knew that Octofist was dangerously low.

"Oh, yes, certainly." She rushed into the kitchen, and after a few moments, emerged with three frosties. I looked at Octofist, and he at me. The same brand that the distressed hausfrau had lost! We conducted our interview quickly, and left, after apologizing for any inconvenience caused.

We retired to Octofist's front porch, and discussed the day's happenings over a few brews.

"Do you think that it was mere coincidence? I mean with the similar beers, and all?"

"I'm not sure at this time," Octofist replied, "but it seems strange." "But she seemed like such a nice person."

"Don't let good manners fool you, Beedie. Just because she offered you a beer doesn't mean that she's a Good Person." I mulled that over for a few minutes, and it seemed to make sense. When I looked up again, Octofist was in deep thought. Not wanting to disturb him, I carefully reached my hand into the cooler. But horrors! all I met was swishing ice. Alarmed, I flipped the lid right off. Thank goodness- there was one beer left. In some ways, this was worse than not having any beer at all. By this time, Octofist had roused from his reverie, and immediately seeing the situation, grabbed the beer and drained it! Heck, that's just the kind of guy that he is.

"My dear Beedie, there is only one thing to do."

"Yes, let's get more beer."

"Exactly. But not for us." I must have fainted, because the next thing I knew there was Octofist standing over me, with concern in his eyes. "Beedie, Beedie, wake up. I didn't fully explain myself." I arose to a more upright position, and looked at him

expectantly. "What I meant was that of course we would get beer for ourselves, but we need some for the trap as well."

"Trap?" I said smartly. "What trap?"

"For the Thirsty Fiend, of course. We have to set a snare for him (or her), and what better bait than beer?" he explained patiently, seeing that I was still a little addled.

"Ah, yes. A beer trap. Most clever." By this point I was starting to feel a little like Watson trailing the great Holmes. We went to the beer store and bought a small keg (Creemore, of course) and a two-four of Carlsberg. Upon reaching the site, Octofist pulled out a ball string from his pocket.

"We set up trip wires all around the porch and the perimeter of the yard," he explained. "Next, we place the beer in the usual place, and watch what happens. You set up a look-out from that tree house over there, and I'll be over beside the shed. I'll keep the keg with me, but I brought you a pitcher. We can set up a pulley system from the tree house to the shed for when you run out of suds."

"I like the plan, Oc. Let's get started."

The whole set-up took roughly thirty minutes, and by the time we were finished, darkness had set. I went up to my post, and started to drink. Pretty soon, I needed a refill. The double relay stabilization pulley that we set up worked beautifully, and the vital fluid reached my perch in safety. Things were quiet, and I think that I dozed off. Octofist must have dozed off as well, because when I woke up, the pitcher was still down, and man was I thirsty! I decided to go to the source.

**Down the tree I started. The footholds were treacherous in the dark, and the lack of beer didn't help.**

I was about half-way down when I lost it. All that was heard in the still of the night was the muffled thud of my body hitting the ground, and a much quieter noise from the bounce.

"MEDIC," I screamed. "OWW! First Aid NOW!" This must have woken Octofist, for he came stumbling to my side. Before he could attend my (as I thought) mortal wounds, we heard a loud clinking noise from inside the porch. Octofist looked from me to the porch, undecided, then bolted off. And fell. I guess he forgot about the tripwires. He eventually made it to the porch, just as another dark figure was exiting. I'd like to say that a valiant struggle ensued, and that the combatants raged like African tigers, but it didn't happen that way. The unknown Fiend tried to make a break for it, cutting across the lawn. He stumbled over my now broken body, cartwheeled, tripped on the string and fell down. Octofist followed, and tried to tackle him, but missed. As they were both getting to their feet, Octofist let a thunderous belch loose that was heard for miles around. It left me deaf in one ear, and had me seeing stars. The intruder was knocked from his feet, and finally lay still. The lights in the house were all turned on, and the rumpled hausfrau came to the door.

"What is happening there? Hello?" Then spying the bodies sprawled on her lawn, she came rushing out. "Are you boys ok? What happened here? Did you catch the him?"

"Yes ma'am," Octofist replied from where he had fallen. "We got him all right. Caught in the act. Now if you don't mind, I think that I'll just lie here. Could you bring us some beers?"

As it turned out, the Thirsty Fiend was one of the neighbours, a quiet lad of about fifteen. The fame of Octofist had spread throughout the community, and, of course, young boys are so impressionable. Well, that was that. The boy apologized, and tried to repay the damages (replace the empties and re-shingle the roof- it had sustained some damage during The Belch), and Octofist promised that when the kid was older, he'd teach him to Drink Responsibly, for that was another of his mottoes. As it turned out, I hadn't broken anything vital, but just the same I was bedridden for two days with a beer IV drip. Needless to say, I got much better, much faster. Life was good and the sun was warm.



# INNIS ART et LIT...

## FEATURED WRITER OF THE MONTH DEGASPERIS

He's a poet. He's a musician. He's an actor. But he just enjoys being himself. This Pisces is an artist in all respects, just jamming and hanging out, exposing himself to the various artistic influences in the Bloot/Bathurst Annex area. What does Santino have to say about his activities? "I'm just doing what I'm doing."

Santino's description of himself...

"Besides standing on top of the CN Tower and hanging out at graveyards, I also like to watch Anne of Green Gables. I'm a typical masculine dude who likes to hunt and fish."

Santino on his influences...

"Jimi Hendrix, Jim Morrison, William Blake, Mozart, Karl Marx, Nietzsche, John Lennon, Gary Oldman, Jim Carrey, your mother, my grandson, Gandhi, Mick Jagger and the entire Annex community."

Santino on his current activities...

"I'm currently directing with Quentin Tarantino and writing a song with Oasis. Last night I hung out at the bar with Andy Warhol and John Lennon."

Santino on the subject of poetry...

"There are nights when I just stay awake reading my poetry and I totally see who I am. And I'm fucked up." "To me writing is a soul-searching process, so it's better when I'm soul-searching."

Santino on socializing...

"I'm best one-on-one or one-on-one thousand."

Santino on the phone...

"Oh, so you put in a C sharp? So I can tune my guitar down to a C sharp? Cool."

Santino on his poem "Fucking Words"

"Someone will probably get a weird sexual buzz from it."



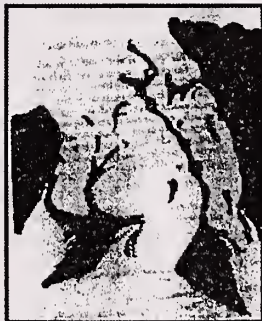
### Backward Purposes

by Santino Degasperis

Delightful causes have fallen into the spaces of benevolent differences and candle-lit failures, while you will never learn the meaning of the word LOVE. The Actions you take and the misgivings that you fake—Become Aristocrats Falling down into Nothingness.....

Casualtiess Bloom like Misinterpretations of Flawlessness and Vanity, while you disconnect the Workings of a perfect tomorrow—Under the hinges of what can never depreciate your shortcomings; can destiny really wait? Entirely, never under Command. Can Tomorrow really happen? I guess we'll leave that question to the experts, the know-it-alls, and the petty little nothings with God-complex's who, like;

Paper under Fire  
Water over Air  
Vanity  
Chastity  
Insanity  
And Everything inbetween  
YOU  
AND  
THEM  
US AND HIM  
HER  
"Whatever?!"  
Who knows?  
Who cares?  
Venture ON  
Solitaire



### LITERARY QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"In Poets as true Genius is but rare,  
True Taste as seldom is the Critick's Share;  
Both must alike from Heav'n derive their Light,  
These born to Judge, as well as those to Write.  
Let such teach others who themselves excell,  
And censure freely who have written well.  
Authors are partial to their Wit, 'tis true,  
But are not Critick's to their Judgment too?"

- Alexander Pope in "An Essay on Criticism" ll. 11-18

### A.W.W.I.D.

by Santino Degasperis

Always Wondering What I'm Doing  
Wondering  
About Always doing what I'm Wondering  
About—Doing Always  
What I Always Do  
About  
Wondering About Doing  
Can wonder me About  
Always doing what Wondering  
Does About always What?  
About  
Always Doing  
wondering  
About  
Doing what I'm  
Always  
Wondering About  
Doing About  
Always  
wondering  
While Always Doing  
while Wondering  
About Doing Always  
About Almost Anything  
Doing?  
Wondering?  
About what?  
Why wonder?

### Fucking Words

by Santino Degasperis

Fuck Words; Words Fuck  
In Certain Circles  
They Formulate  
Accentuate  
Punctuate  
I can Feel them start  
To Deflate  
Inside the Rhythm  
Inside the Calm  
Postulating Coherence  
Radiating Every Trance

RED  
Like the Feeling  
I Desire  
I Conspire  
In it's Danger, I'm Afire  
Fucking  
Killing  
Creating  
Menacing  
Everything I Want  
Everything I thrill  
Like Lividity  
Like Promiscuity  
Like the love of your Duty  
The Mission  
The Fucking of Words  
The Clashing of Tongues  
The Blizzard of Love  
The BLIZZARD I BUZZ  
Inside the Fuck  
Thrilling Me 'til the end  
Loving it I depend  
To Defend  
(This) LOVE

\*Editor's Note: Due to printing problems in the last issue, the following two poems were rather difficult to read. We are reprinting them with an apology to those authors for our oversight. Sorry. We goofed up. I promise that it won't happen again. I swear it. Yeah, even on my mother's eyes. PS. I really do love my mom, so this means a lot.

### TO ALL WHOM I LOST (OR LOST ME) '95

by C.

The beat made your eyes shine yet mine stayed blue.  
When you were gone I rose to stand up but  
When you came I was brought to my knees.  
I would've given my heart but I couldn't  
Oh I tried; but it just wasn't worth it,  
You could have would have thrown it away.  
I thought it would have been great but alas  
What must I do? What I say is rarely  
Understood. How much will I keep trying?  
I am quite used to holding back the tears  
And saying good-bye. I am sorry but  
I can give my heart to someone else.  
Merry Christmas, please answer me this: when  
Will my eyes ever see a dance again?

### Coquette

I wanted  
I stared  
you turned  
you smiled  
I ducked my head  
in feigned shyness  
a coy glance  
from uplifted eyes  
on a hanging head

your look bore down on me  
my body posed in submission

### Untitled

hand in hand  
I see the two  
and thoughts of fancy  
turn to you  
to what we once had  
to what we still could have  
if only I didn't push you  
away.

-Gizmo

you smiled  
you approached  
I faked unawareness  
I pretended surprise  
you said a casual hello  
I smiled  
I laughed  
you touched my sleeve  
thinking all the while  
that it was you who wanted,  
that it was you who stared.  
- Antonia Yee



# ...INNIS ART et LIT

## Lotus Petal

by Lina Fransisco

Welcome to Lotus Land; to the land where the sun, as well as its inhabitants, rarely rests. Rustling leaves and blossoms are the prominent sounds of this beloved evening in which I sit, pen in hand, alas alone! Pleasure-filled companionship with the enchanting sisters of Eden awaiting some sort of response from ebony gods in heaven. Laughter is a chaotic noise not needed tonight. The only uplifting noises needed are the breaths that I take and the scratching of my pen on parchment.

An embezzled moment in time is much needed, simply to travel to explored places, only to retrace time, a warm hand to be placed gently on my shoulder to accompany me. There are too many willing parties, but none so grand as a familiar smile from a face purely cherished. Such a small request for happiness, though obviously a thirst not to be quenched quickly—only delayed joy for the wicked.

An aquamarine sky to set the mood. A cool wisp in the wind only to leave me breathless at the beauty I behold before me. Lands never before explored by these eyes would be the only ones cherished. A sudden change in curriculum. Yet another complete change of atmosphere only carries with it the probability of falling back into this far too familiar state.

A treasure chest weighed down by the tantalizing memories not easily forgotten, far too heavy a load to be burdened with for one as feeble as I can be. The erotic scent of the blossoms cannot make me forget—only remember.

Which finger holds the power of the universe? It has been chosen, not for only a stubborn mind to believe. A repetitive voice is comforting and loved in such a state, but a physical presence is needed. A confused mind is only cause for withdrawal, a separation from society—and one's self.

A memory: a spring morning, thick blossoms covering my feet, a white flowering dress, the sun resting its rays on my breast, a warm wind and the sound of bells in the air as petals swing briskly through my hair. A fairy tale princess walking along slowly with a smile, awaiting the moment she meets her prince.

A configuration, numbers are the definition of time, and the perception of the length is only to be toyed with in the mind of the beholder. Conquer time, become one with the mind.

\*The fairy princess will meet her prince and they shall live happily every after.



## Perfect Love

And when I saw her standing there like that—like a great big sucker-fish with round mouth in a perfect "o", sucking in the glory of the world, acid-rain and all, long usually fine-combed hair matted back, separated into chaotic untamed tendrils, dark sheen even blacker with the wet; shiny raindrops bouncing energetically off her upturned forehead, arms outstretched, her feet splashing in puddles leaving mini tsunamis in their wake—she was dancing. And when I saw her standing there just like that—it was then that I knew that I loved her.

## CASTLES IN SPAIN

by Lina Francisco

Basking in a misery  
I call my own,  
Within these walls  
I have my home.

So, here I lie  
In naked dread,  
Upon this pillow  
I lay my head.

With dampened fingers,  
A grin upon my face,  
I sprawl out in full splendor,  
Peel off my fancy lace.

Slowly I close my eyes  
To enter my fantasy land  
And with very tiny circles  
I exercise my hand.

As I'm overwhelmed  
By the colours I now feel,  
As the banshee in me roars  
I can see now what is real.

It's me,  
The dream  
And the beauty of release  
No longer do I fear  
The calling of my beast.

So as I lay, still hungry,  
I share the duty of my land  
To cultivate its pleasures  
With more circles  
And my right hand.



## SHE PASSES WIND

by Jay Guerrieri

She walks with a heavy foot  
She seldom cracks a smile  
She keeps herself unkept  
And She has no sense of style  
But there's something there about her  
And maybe it's a sin  
That the reason that I love her  
Is 'cause she passes wind.  
She will never shave her legs  
She talks with a forked tongue  
She beats up on the elderly  
She beats up on the young  
But still she has that something—  
when anything begins  
She stops and without warning  
She simply passes wind.  
Once she did a blue-angel  
For everyone to see  
And everybody left the room,  
That is except for me  
I know that I do love her  
and Maybe it's a sin  
That the reason she's so special  
Is 'cause she passes wind.

## Turtles

Two turtles who engaged in copulation  
were too intent on their fornication  
to notice the beast  
who didn't care in the least  
that their sex act made for more mastication.

- Obviously a last ditch attempt to fill this awkward little space left here due to the crazy layout schematics of the page. We recognize that this is really a silly poem, but bear with us anyway.

## EDITOR'S PATHETIC PLEA FOR SUBMISSIONS...

I know that you know that deep down inside you are really a writer. So far my death threats have not succeeded. This time I'm asking nicely, so come out of the closet. Just do it.





# ...BACK PAGE



## Ten Tricks for Getting Off the Phone When You Don't Want to Talk to Someone

10. Blame it on call waiting "Uh...I gotta go... it's (fill in the blank) (e.g. gynecologist, ex-partner, your ex-partner, police)"
9. Techno failure! Computer black-out, fax transmission, bass bin blown, bad tune...etc.
8. Sleep. Snoring is effective. Hell, don't even answer.
7. It's the phone company conspiracy! Static is advantageous, so are whirring or humming noises, clicks... believe me, you can make 'em yourself. Cellophane plastic is good for crinkling to sound extra-scratchy. Bad line?

## The Abomination that is CFNY

by Katie Elia

I've been wanting to get this off of my chest for a very long time. I hate CFNY. Now, if you're anything like me, you can't stand Q107 for its screaming guitars and cheesiness, or 107.9 for its gino-beats, and besides that, you roam the airwaves in search of some chilled, funky, variety-filled SUPER CHANNEL that will give you your doses of hip/trip hop, house, jungle — and hey — maybe a little alternative rock on the side. You own CD's, perhaps many, but if you don't own a multi-disk player even your favourites can get monotonous and tedious. After your mix-tapes are beaten dead you just wanna hear some spontaneous good music and the odd new tidbit. Well, my friend and confidant, you and me both probably land most often on (gasp) CFNY. I used to like this commercial seamy beast when I was a nerdy teenager. Sure...you could catch your *Cult*, *Depeche Mode*, *Morrisey*, and other horrors regularly on 102. And they had this wonderful creation called "The Al-



Aquarius January 20-February 18

How is it you were able to swim to safety from a shipwreck? And why is it you've found yourself so attracted to things which others despise? Well, because buoyant things float, and beauty is in the eye of the beholder.

Pisces February 19-March 20

Do you reject the glamour of evil? Of course not, you don't have to lie to me. Remember five years ago when you didn't have a boyfriend but were sleeping with that guy? Well, those days are here again.

Aries March 21-April 19

Now that you've learned that running away from your problems does nothing to solve them, you are forced to start thinking about the things you have been avoiding for so long. Surrender yourself to a joyless month, practice your smoke rings and try to remember- loneliness is a temporary thing.

Taurus April 20-May 20

The loss of friends and family is a sure way to cripple a Taurus, surely. That is not so this month! With four feet planted firmly in the ground your life could take on new direction and meaning. Or you could deny everything that is happening to you.

Gemini May 21-June 21

As I'm sure you've noticed, the world has been your oyster these past few weeks. And if you take care, I see no reason for this to change.

Cancer June 22-July 22

At last you disenchanted souls, company is on the way! Perhaps you could start a breeding colony for melancholy. I'm just teasing. I'd like to offer you comforting words but you wouldn't believe me anyway.

Leo July 23-August 22

I see you knee deep in raspberry jam, "ecstasy of the naughtiest kind" - as wrote Evelyn Waugh, master storyteller of young boy excesses.

Virgo August 23-September 22

Live in madness. Indulge as one damned.

Libra September 23-October 23

Does this ring a bell?

"I like that. I'd like more."

Or, more to the point,

"I'd like a lot to get wet in here."

If so, you're on the right track for February.

Scorpio October 24-November 21

Now that dinner is over, the table has been cleared and the dishes washed, you can at last collapse on the couch and recover from those many weeks of sleepless nights.

Sagittarius Nov. 22-Dec. 21

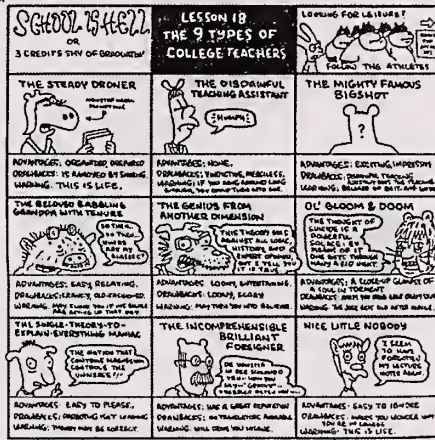
I was looking at the sky (which was blue and cloudless) and the setting sun (which was yellow, pink, and orange), and I saw a plane (aero-) climb from the yellow, pink, and orange to the cloudless blue.

And I thought, this can mean only one thing - money for Sagittarius.

Capricorn Dec. 22-January 19

As I was leafing through the *Encyclopedia of House plants* I came across this entry for dragon trees, and I thought it would suffice as your horoscope for this month:

"Tourists who buy little green foliage trees in the market are usually unaware that these will grow into trees over 20 m high."



BUGGED line? Either way, no one'll want to talk for long.

6. Twist the conversation beyond the boundaries of propriety, discretion and good taste. For example, "gee Pbil, have I told you about my yeast infection," or, "you know, if you were a true friend, you'd lead me a thousand dollars."

5. Pretend you're late for something. "Well (whoever), I'd love to chat, but I'm off to (whatever suits your lifestyle). I'm already late. (bang up)"

4. Indicate the presence of another person. Moan, breathe heavily, say "bey lover, slip me some whipped cream," or "no silly, the condoms are in the bottom drawer." Works a charm. Warning: person will either call tomorrow for details or gossip about it.

3. Someone else needs the phone. Their (fill in the blank) is in dire need.

2. Have a baby. Well, if not, then pretend there's one there. Scream, "ob no! don't eat that!" and then say, "I gotta go." Hang up.

1. Eat carrots and celery with your mouth open and talk really quickly at the same time.

temative Bedtime Hour". These days, listening to this station is not unlike bludgeoning oneself with a blunt object repeatedly. There's only one word that captures the true essence of the station: OVERKILL. Just recently, they replaced the five repetition per-day water torture of a song called "Possum Kingdom" by *The Codys* with a whiny new British "band" called *Pulp*. If you've heard, you know what I'm talkin' about. They don't even overlap good music, and if they do, you end up hating it with a passion. There's nowhere to run and nowhere to hide, just tear-jerking, bile-raising song beating.

Sure, I know you sneaky ones who've been through this are saying, "I know where the good channels are." It's true enough that CIUT and CKLN can divvy out some very welcome relief on the weekends and at 4am on weeknights. You can get full hours of pure house or reggae, etc.; if you're strong enough for between-shows like "Punjabi Beatbox", you can emerge temporarily satiated. Even in dire circumstances during the week you can hunt down jazz — and when you're really lucky — blues on the "adult" stations. CBC's "Brave New Waves" (late on weeknights) can be good if it doesn't get too avant-garde or absurd.

The main point of all this rant is one simple fact: we children are starving!! CFNY's potential to please is amazing, the possibilities are endless! But nly mutiny could stop their foolishness. They make money in the lame condition they are, and we all know that no one can challenge the power of green-backs.

~If anyone knows of any reason I should like CFNY or of any amazing radio secrets, please let the Herald know immediately.~





